



# FEATURE

COMICS

JANUARY

MICHAEL, I WAS TEARIN'  
THEM THUGS APART 'TIL  
THIS CLOCK FELLA SAVED  
**THEM** FROM ME!



No. 28  
10¢





WEB COMIC  
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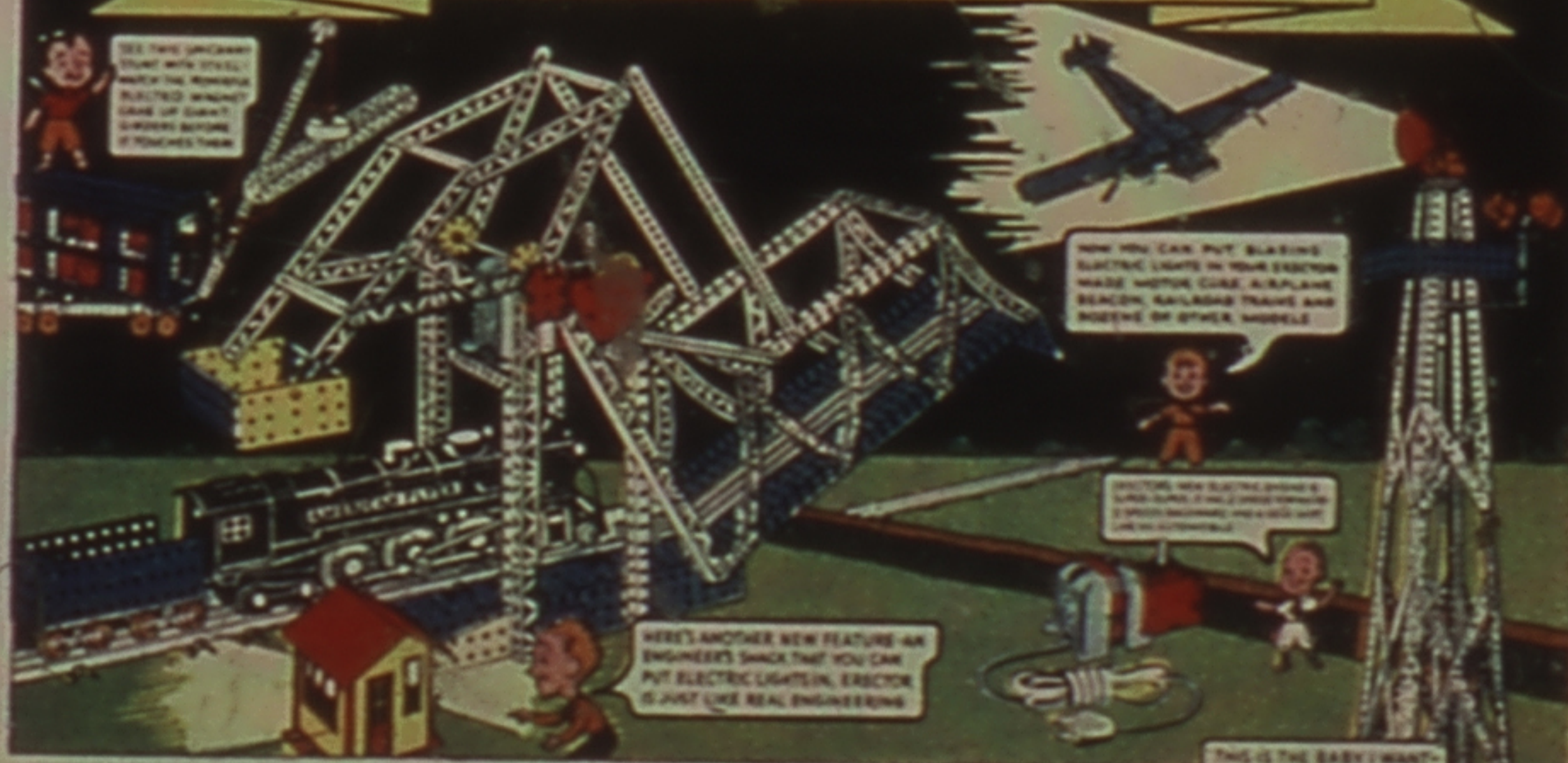


**HELLO BOYS—the**  
sensational new **ERECTOR**  
**ARE ABLAZE WITH LIGHTS**

**THEY'RE COLOSSAL! THESE ALL-ELECTRIC**  
**ERECTOR**—4 speed Electric engine—  
Electric lights—Electro magnet



DEVELOPED AT THE GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE



**BOYS!**

Leading toy stores are showing a sensational new kind of Erector this year. An Erector that makes model-building more fun than the movies—more exciting than a football game. Because Erector has gone all-electric.

Now, for the first time, you can build a revolving airplane beacon with a real electric searchlight—construct electrically lighted railroad trains, Ferris wheel, airplanes, motor cars—erect electric bridges that open and close—make mighty cranes that grab up steel girders by electro-magnetic power.

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Get a load of the No. 815 All-Electric Erector. Crammed with exciting electrical and structural parts. Electric lights—110 volt electric engine with 4 speeds and automobile-type gear shift—powerful electro-magnet. Also, polished steel boiler shell—big red wheels—steel girders and red, yellow and blue structural plates—gears and pinions—a total of 18 lbs. of up-to-the-minute parts for building over 100 colossal, engine-driven, electrically lighted engineering marvels. Price \$12.95; other Erectors from \$1.00 to \$29.95.



**FREE**

**WORLD'S FAIR EDITION**  
**"TOYS THAT BUZZ WITH ACTION"**

20 color pages—  
over 100 illustrations

*The Sensational New ALL-ELECTRIC*  
**ERECTOR**

**AS EXHIBITED**  
**AT THE**  
**NEW YORK**  
**WORLD'S**  
**FAIR**



A. C. Gilbert,  
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# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

HERE'S MY  
BEST PALS  
WHEN I WAS  
A KID.  
THEY'RE  
MICKEY,  
SAMMY,  
WILLIE,  
HERMAN  
AN'  
STANLEY



I SEE THEM  
ALL ONCE IN A  
WHILE—AN' WE  
TALK ABOUT 'ST  
DAYS WE WERE  
KIDS. BOY, WE  
HAD FUN, I'LL  
SAY-- BUT WE  
REALIZE IT NOW  
MORE THAN WE  
DID THEN!

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE, THIS WAS  
A SWELL IDEA  
TAKIN' THIS  
TRAILER ON  
OUR TRIP!

I'LL SAY!!  
I BET THIS  
WILL BE THE  
BEST TRIP  
I WAS EVER  
ON!



YEP--WE'RE OFF  
TO CALIFORNIA,  
KID!! HEAD  
FER TH'  
HOLLAND  
TUNNEL--

HEY--  
WATCH  
IT--HEY!



I AIN'T USE'D  
DRIVIN' THIS  
TRAILER---

HERE'S TEN  
BUCKS-- WE  
ONLY SCRATCHED  
YER FENDER!



WELL, WE'RE  
OUTA NOO  
YORK AT  
LAST!

GOLLY--I  
HOPE WE DON'T  
HAVE ANY MORE  
TROUBLE IN  
TRAFFIC!



WHY DID YA  
TAKE THIS  
AWFUL  
ROAD

I HADDA--  
THE MAIN  
ROAD WAS  
BLOCKED!



WELL, HERE WE  
ARE! BROKE DOWN  
IN THIS MUD-- AN'  
NO PHONE WITHIN  
TEN MILES!!

WE MIGHT  
AS WELL  
GIT OUR  
SUPPER--  
AN' BE  
PULLED OUT  
T'MORRA  
MORNIN'!

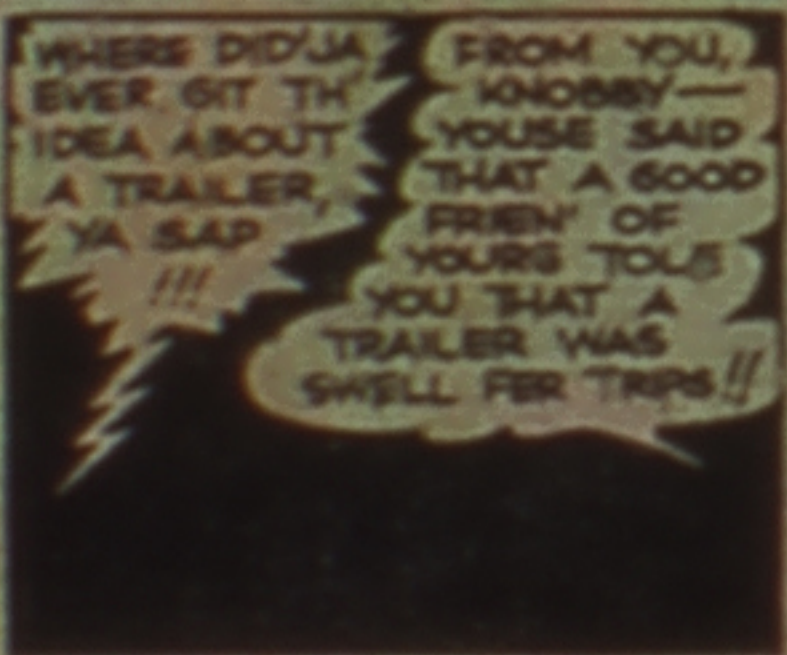


OHH--TCH--  
TCH!



THIS  
SHOWER  
WON'T  
WORK--

YEAH--AN' THIS  
ELECTRIC STOVE  
WON'T WORK! SO  
WE DON'T EAT!!



WHERE DID'JA  
EVER GIT TH'  
IDEA ABOUT  
A TRAILER,  
YA SAP  
!!!

FROM YOU,  
KNOBBY--  
YOUSSE SAID  
THAT A GOOD  
FRIEN' OF  
YOURS TOLE  
YOU THAT A  
TRAILER WAS  
SWELL FER TRIPS!!



OH GOLLY--I HAD  
THOLD ON TO TH'  
WALL ALL NIGHT  
SO I WOULDN'T  
FALL OUTA  
BED!

HEY  
THERE--  
YOU!!



WAL--I MIGHT  
USE IT FER A  
CHICKEN COOP  
--BUT I'LL ONLY  
GIVE YA  
\$3.00!!

SOLD!! JOE  
UNHOOK TH'  
ROADSTER!



MISTAH WALSH, YO'  
COMPARTMENT IS READY,  
YO' SUITS ARE PRESSED  
--AN' YO' SHOES ARE  
SHINED--

WOW!!  
AIN'T  
THIS  
STYLE,  
JOE?



# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS IS A RICH FELLA THAT KNOBBY AN' ME KINDA KNOW. HIS NAME'S TONY PENTHAUS--KNOBBY SAYS HE GOT MORE MONEY THAN BRAINS!



HERE'S A PITCHER OF ME AN' MY DOG FLOSSIE-- I RILLY THINK SHE WOULD'VE LEARNED TO TALK IF SHE PRACTICED!



By HAM FISHER

## JOE PALOOKA

HEY--MY WIFE'S HAVING A KIDDIE PARTY FOR JUNIOR--LOTS OF KIDS WILL BE THERE!

WHY CAN'T WE GO OVER AND PLAY WITH 'EM?

SURE! THAT'S A SWELL IDEA, BOYS!

HELLO, DEAR! LOOK-- I JUST BROUGHT THE BOYS OVER--

YES--YES--BUT YOU SEE--

HOW'DA DO, MRS. GONKLEY--

W-WHY--HOW DO YOU DO--??

THERE'S ALL THE KIDS!

WOW! THESE SANDWICHES ARE SURE GRAND!

WHO MADE THIS SWELL CAKE?

LOOK OUT, KID, YOU'LL GET STEPPED ON!!

AIN'T THIS GREAT, PALE?

LET'S PLAY CRACK THE WHIP!

BAWW! GIMME MY HAT!!

OH!! THOSE POOR CHILDREN!

DON'T TEACH HER TO FIGHT!!

NOW-- SOCK WITH THE RIGHT MARY!

LISSEN-- I'M JUST SHOWIN' YA HOW TRIDE IT!

GET OFF THAT KIDDIE CAR, YOU BIG SAP!

WAAAA!! BUT I DON'T WANTA PLAY LEAP FROG-- WAAAA!!

AW--DON'T WORRY ABOUT GETTIN' HURT!

C'MON-- LET'S PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK NOW!

STAND BACK AN' WATCH, KIDDO-- I'M GONNA RUN AN' HIDE!

I'M HIDIN' ALREADY!

BAW!

LOOK-- THE MEN ARE SPOILING THE KIDDIE PARTY!

AND THEY ATE ALL THE FOOD!

WE MUST RID THE PLACE OF THEM ALL, GIRLS!!

GET OUT!! ALL OF YOU!

SCRAM!!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? WE WERE JUST--

CAN YA BEAT THAT? YA'D THINK THE WOMEN WOULD WANT US T'PLAY WITH THE KIDS!

WHY--THOSE KIDS NEED US AT THAT PARTY OR THEY WON'T HAVE ANY FUN!!



# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

OH GOLLY—  
HERE'S ONE  
OF THE  
KINDEST  
FELLAS ALIVE  
—GOOD OLD  
SMOKEY!!  
YOUSE KIN  
TELL BY HIS  
FACE THAT  
HE'S OKAY!



AN' HERE'S MY  
OLE PAL, KING  
FREDDY OF  
HANSOVERIA.  
I MEAN HE  
USETA BE A  
KING—BUT  
FER TH' LAST  
FEW YEARS  
HE'S DRIVIN' A  
TAXICAB IN  
PARIS.



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS HERE'S MY COUSIN FERD IN HIS ARMY UNIFORM. HE SAYS THEY DIN'T NEED ANY MORE EXTRA GENERALS OR HE'D BEEN ONE.



AN' THIS IS KNOBBY WHEN HE WAS 21. THEY CALLED HIM KNOBBY BECUZ HE WORE SICH FANCY CLOTHES. I LIKE ALL HIS SUITS BUT THE GREEN ONES.



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

IMAGINE TH' NERVE OF THIS GUY TA SUE US!! WHY HE AINT GOT A CHANCE!

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE ALWEEZ HAVE LOTS O' TROUBLE WITH PESTS, DON'T THEY?

AN' HOW!! TH' MINUTE A GUY MAKES MONEY, A DOZEN BIRDS START SUIN' HIM FER IT!

IT'S SURE AWFUL, AIN'T IT?

Y'SEE, IF A CROOK HAS A SMART LAWYER HE KIN MAKE A HONEST MAN LOOK SILLY---

SEE--I'D RATHER HAVE A HARD FIGHT IN THE RING THAN GO ON A WITNESS STAND!

LISSEN--DON'T ANSWER THE LAWYER'S QUESTIONS DIRECT--AN' INSTEAD O' HIM BALLIN' YOU UP, YOU'LL BALL HIM UP!! I'LL COACH YA!

GOLLY, YOU'RE CERTIN' SMART, KNOBBY!

MR. PALOOKA--WHERE WERE YOU ON AUGUST 25TH, 1936?

I--UH--DON'T RIMEMBER!

DID THE PLAINTIFF EVER TALK TO YOU? YOU KNOW H-HE DIDNT--!!

WHO ME??

--BUT DID THE PLAINTIFF SAY THAT TO MR. WALSH T--YES OR NOT?

MM--I--UH--DON'T QUITE RIMEMBER--

HEY!! SHUT UP, YOU!

PEESTT--FER GOSH SAKES--PEESTT?

OUR SIDE DOES NOT WISH TO EXAMINE THE WITNESS--WE REST OUR CASE! THANK YOU VERY, VERY MUCH, MR. PALOOKA!

OH!! THAT DUMB KID RUINED US!

I DID THE BEST THAT I COULD--WE CAN ONLY HOPE--

THE JURY RETURNS ITS VERDICT IN FAVOR OF THE PLAINTIFF--FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

OWW!

YA SAP! YA LOST FER US BECUZ YA BALLED UP OUR OWN LAWYER!!

YOUSE DIN'T TELL ME WHICH LAWYER WAS OURS AT THE START!



OFF THE RECORD-By ED REED



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... of ...

Reuter Inc., a leading agency to send to the News and largely abstract, apparently uncorroborated and, I judge, very far from being based upon anything to help students and have them stay in the University College of the University of Chicago and have the following in the form of an affidavit and so on. I was chairman of the committee, management took it as a duty, and the university was of the committee representing the News Service in the event of any, related to the act of capital in 1914 be provided to the act of March 1, 1914, according to Article 10, Article 10, and Chapter 10, passed on the morning of May 19, 1914.

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JOE AND MOE ARRANGED TO MEET,  
ED AND TED ON CLANCY STREET.  
"PHONED THEY'D GET THERE FIRST AND WAIT.  
(ED'S OLD BIKE WOULD MAKE HIM LATE)



ED (the smoothie) SCHEMED A SCHEME,  
SAID "WE'LL RACE! THE LOSING TEAM,  
"BUYS THE MILKSHAKES, RIGHT? LET'S GO!  
"BOY, OH BOY, WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW!"

FAST AS JOE AND MOE COULD HEAD,  
TO THE MEETING-PLACE THEY SPED,  
SURE THEY'D GET THERE FIRST, TO GREET,  
ED AND TED AT CLANCY STREET.



"THIS IS SOFT," SAID MOE TO JOE.  
 "TOUGH THAT IT'S OLD BIKES SO SLOW!"  
 (CRAFTY ED "FORGOT" TO SAY  
 HIS NEW BIKE ARRIVED THAT DAY!)

TED HAD LISTENED TO ED BOAST, NOW HIS BIKE WOULD SPEED AND CONSIDERED THE BRAG MIGHT BE A FAKE 'TIL HE SPIED THE COASTER-BRAKE.

WELL, YOU KNOW WHO WON THE RACE.  
SEE ED'S HAPPY GRINNING FACE!  
(VICTORY IS TWICE AS SWEET,  
AFTER YOU HAVE KNOWN DEFEAT!)

**MAKE SURE YOUR NEW  
BIKE HAS A MORROW  
COASTER BRAKE!**

Number 1 for 40 years! Fastest shopping, smooth pedaling, longest coasting, more ball bearings (21) than any other brand. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a Shimano brand or any other—and for \$21.

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# Captain Fortune

IN THE DAYS OF  
THE SPANISH MAIN

BY VERNON HENKEL

PORTO BELLO, THE TRADING  
CENTER OF THE NEW WORLD,  
AWAITS THE ARRIVAL OF THE  
GREAT SPANISH MERCHANT FLEET



PORTO BELLO! WHERE  
THE MOST SCURRY RASCALS  
OF THE SEVEN SEAS GATHER!  
-TROUBLE WILL NOT BE HARD  
TO FIND, SO KEEP YOUR  
SWORDS LOOSE IN YOUR SHEATHS



LEAVING WILL KENTSHIRE IN  
COMMAND OF THE "REVENGE,"  
CAPTAIN FORTUNE GOES ASHORE  
WITH ONE OF HIS CREW.



YE  
GOLDEN  
HORN



COME,  
PIERRE,  
WE WILL  
QUENCH  
OUR THIRST!

INSIDE THE TAVERN ....

PIKE YE THE DANDY,  
LUGI! MAYHAPS WE  
CAN HAVE SOME SPORT  
WITH 'IM!

AWE!



EASY, PIERRE,  
IT MAY HAVE  
BEEN AN  
ACCIDENT!



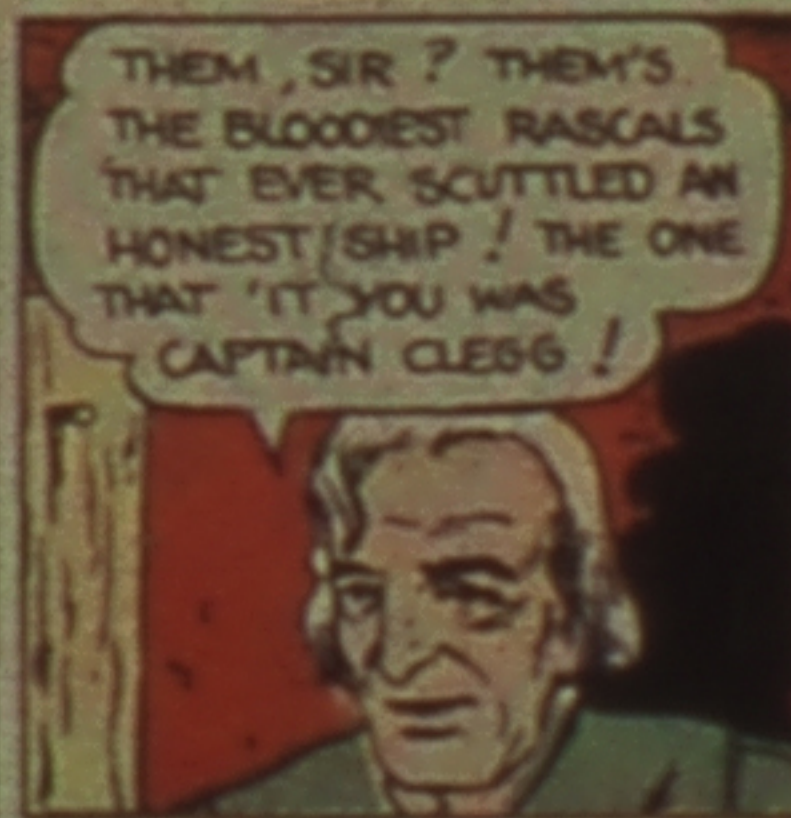
AH! THE DANDY  
'AS NO STOMACH  
FER TROUBLE!



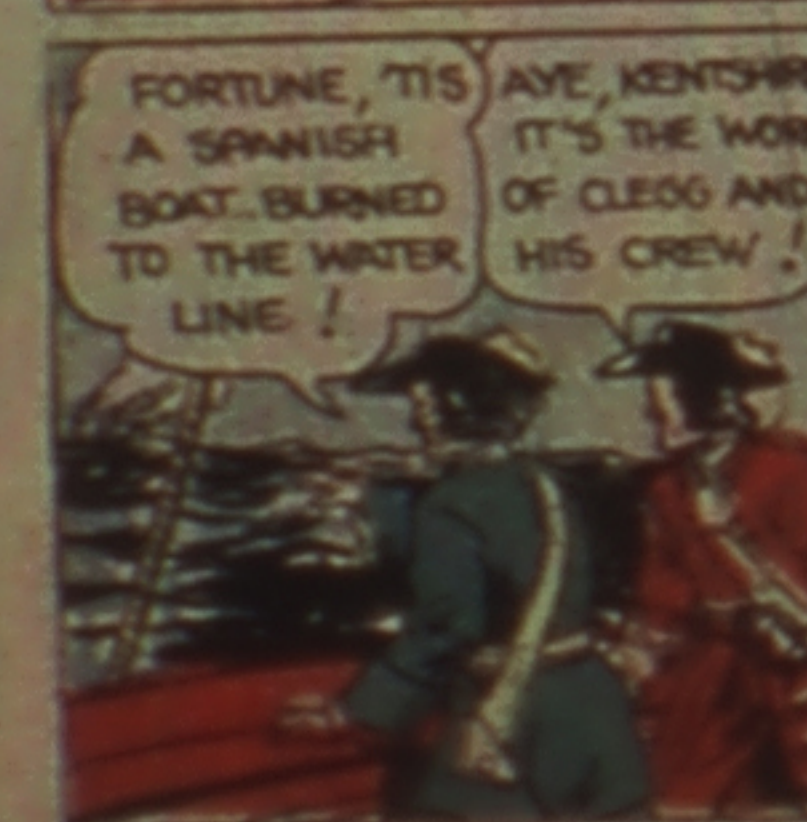
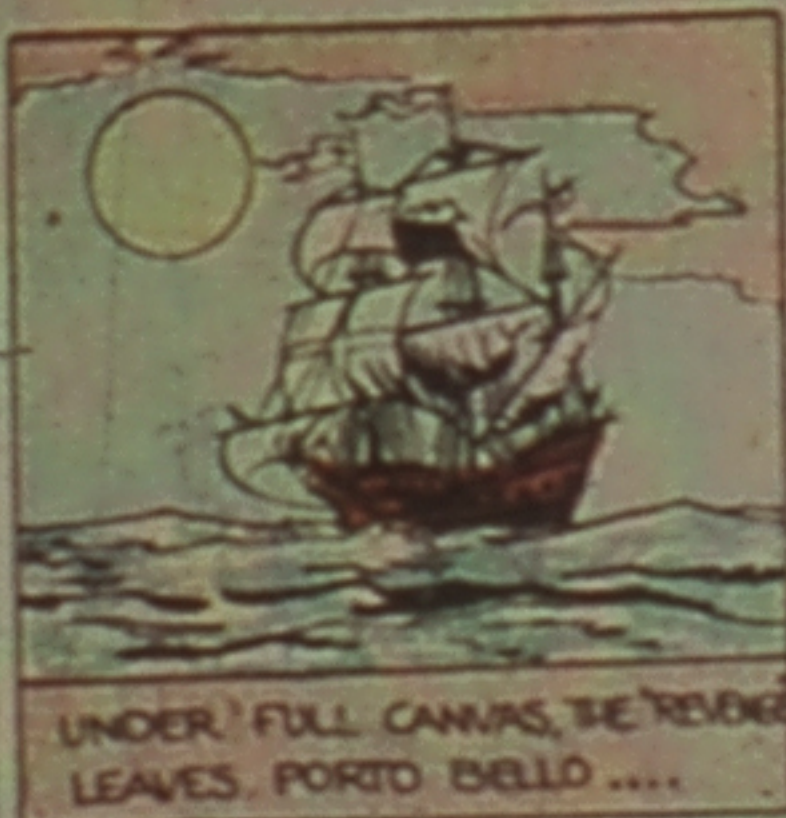
SO! IT'S A FIGHT  
YOU'RE SPOILING FOR,  
IS IT? OUT SWORDS,  
PIERRE!!



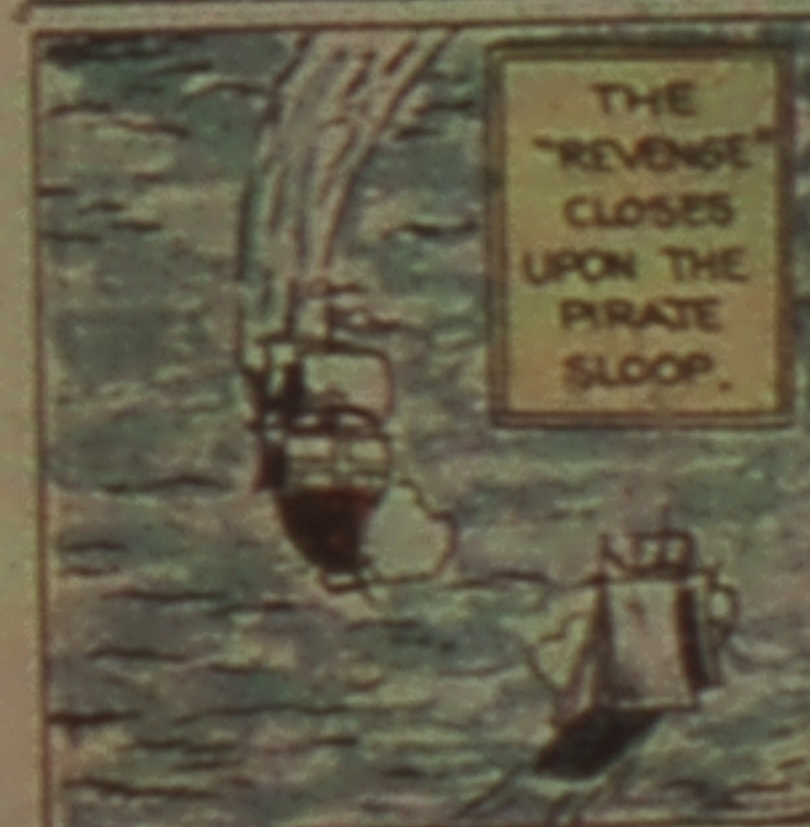
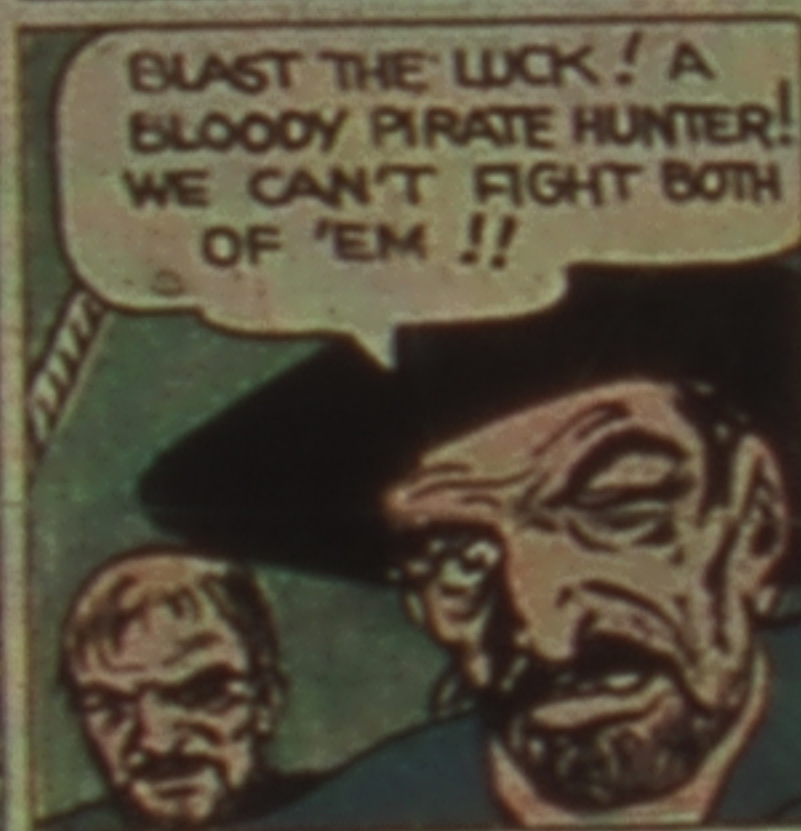














# BIG TOP

by Davlin

THERE'S THAT  
NEW BLONDE-  
BOY! AIN'T  
SHE A  
HUMDINGER!



HELLO, MYRA,  
HOW ARE  
YA?



WHO'S THE  
"JOEY," MISS  
MYRA?

OH, THAT'S  
BUTCH, MISS LOLA-  
HIS ACT IS A  
RIOT!



YOUR BOSS IS GOING TO  
LOOK AT MY ACT-SO I  
GUESS I'D BETTER  
GET INTO MY  
UNIFORM!



I HOPE  
JEFF  
SIGNS  
YOU  
UP!

GOLLY! THAT'S  
COMIN' FROM THE  
NEW  
GIRL'S  
TENT!



HELP! A  
MOUSE-  
HELP!!



QUEEN

SCAT  
MOUSE!



MY HERO!  
I'M GOING TO  
GIVE YOU A  
BIG KISS!

GOSH!



SHE  
KISSED  
ME!

SAY, BUTCH-WANT  
TO LOOK AT  
A NEW  
ACT?



THAT GIRL'S ACT? - SURE! -  
SAY, JEFF, ISN'T SHE THE  
MOST TIMID LITTLE  
THING YOU EVER  
SAW?



YES-ISN'T  
SHE?





# BIG Top

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! — THE NEW LION IS LOOSE!





# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Drawn by L. W. BERRY

HEY, GUYS—  
LOOK, WHO'S  
COMING ON  
THE ICE!

NED  
BRANT?  
WELL, WHAT  
ABOUT IT,  
BOO?

HE ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH TO BE  
ON THE SAME RINK WITH US.  
BLUDGEON!

I WOULDN'T BE TOO  
SURE OF THAT  
IF I WERE YOU

ALL RIGHT—  
SHOW US  
SOMETHING,  
IRON HEAD

SO SORRY,  
OLD MAN!

OKAY, BOO—  
WHO CAN PLAY  
THAT GAME!

HERE COMES  
NED

HE'LL FAINT  
WHEN HE  
REACHES US!

Without slack-  
ening his speed,  
Ned Brant  
crashes into  
Bludgeon and  
Shelton, upset-  
ting both of  
them and re-  
maining on his  
skates.

Recovering his balance, Ned whistles the  
puck into the net to complete a brilliant solo  
dash.

FAINT, EH?  
I THOUGHT  
A TRUCK  
HIT ME!

LUCKY STIFF!  
HE COULDN'T DO  
THAT AGAIN IN  
HIS WHOLE  
COLLEGE  
CAREER!

NICE PLAY,  
NED!

THANKS,  
COACH

ALL SHELLLED UP, EH?  
PROBABLY START IN MY  
PLACE NEXT WEEK,  
EH?

JUST PLAY  
YOUR BEST, BOO—  
THAT'S ALL!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Illustrated by S. M. ZIMMER

ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY TONIGHT, NED?

I HOPE TO GET IN BEFORE IT'S OVER.

WHY KID THE FELLOW? YOU KNOW YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE, EVEN THOUGH IT'S JUST A PRACTICE GAME.

I MIGHT GET SENT IN IF CARTER'S WAY AHEAD, BUO.

PRESS, MY MAN!

PRESS WHAT? A FLOWER IN A BOOK? OUT YOU GO!

AH, THERE YOU ARE, COACH BRANT! THESE CRAPS WON'T LET ME IN THE PLACE!

PERHAPS THE THOUGHT, FANBELT—HERE, I'LL FIX THINGS—

TAKE THIS NOTE TO THAT BIG FELLOW ON THE NEXT GATE.

LOVELY, COACH—LOVELY!

WHAT'S THIS?

I WAS ADMIRING WHAT I THOUGHT WAS YOUR PUR. COLLAR WHEN I SAW YOU MERELY NEEDED A HAIR CUT.

WHY, YOU—!

HERE—YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME—THE CARD—IT'S—

ALL THAT CARD SAYS IS I WANT ME IN THE MOONLIGHT, YOU BIG NAROSOME FELLOW—AND IT'S SIGNED WITH YOUR NAME!

HERE'S THE STARTING LINEUP, MEN—AT CENTER, WADE—AT GOAL, BLOODSON—ON DEFENSE, GREEN AND FOOT—AT THE WINGS, NURNEY AND BRANT.

CAREFUL, BUO—PEOPLE BACK OF US CAN HEAR YOU—

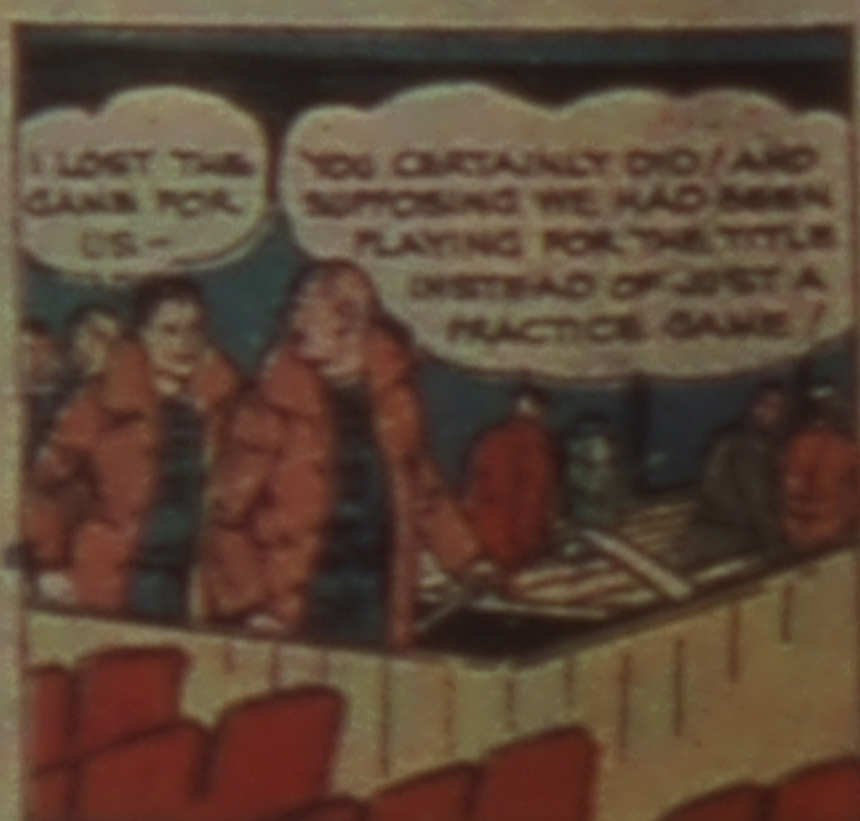
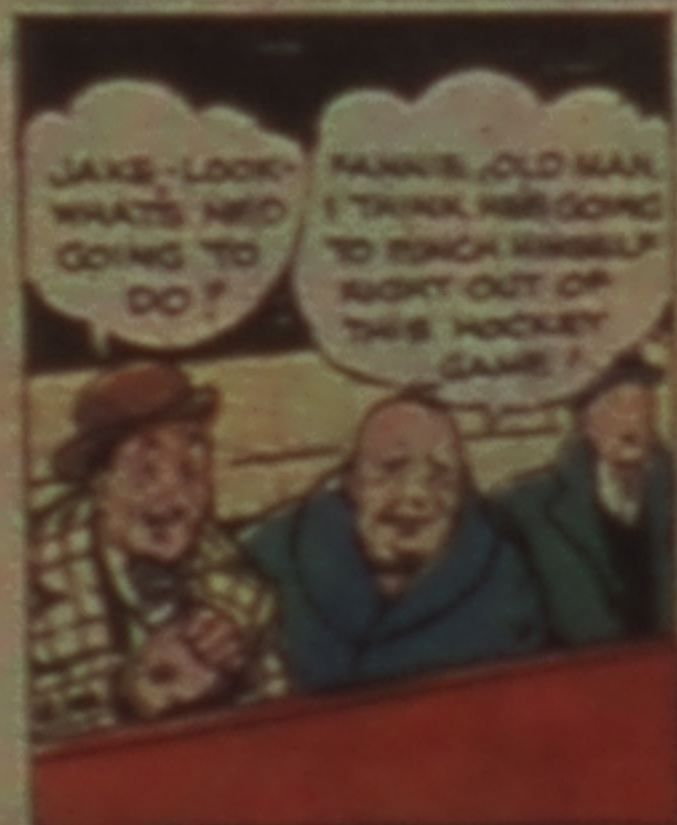
THAT'S SWELL! I WANT THEM TO KNOW IM GETTING A RAY DEAL FROM COACH BRANT!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Drawn by J. W. DORR





# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DEPOM



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Ned Brant is continued in the February issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale December 29th.



RUBE  
GOLDBERG'S

# SIDE SHOW

BRAIN DERBY  
SOFA SLEEPER'S TEST...  
SHOULD GRANDPA BE  
GIVEN A HANDICAP IN THE  
AFTER-DINNER RACE FOR  
THE SOFA?

WHERE DO KIDS SLEEP  
BEST... ON A SOFA, A  
CHAIR, OR AT SCHOOL?

NO MORE QUESTIONS... WE'RE TIRED!



OUR 4 DECK  
SOFA

OUR VERY NEWEST INVENTION  
OR A QUICK WAY TO FIND YOUR  
MISLAID GLASSES!

AS YOU FEEL IN VEST POCKETS  
FOR LOST GLASSES YOU  
START ONE-MAN BAND(A) AS  
JITTERBUG(B) ON RIGHT BEGINS  
DANCING, HE CAUSES PLATFORM  
(C) TO SQUEEZE OUT TOOTH PASTE  
~EARLY BIRD(E) THINKS IT'S A  
WORM... REACHING FOR IT HE  
CUTS MAN'S SUSPENSORS... MAN  
REACHES FOR BARREL (D) AND  
RELEASED GLASSES FALL



FOOLISH QUESTIONS... NO. 7162593



NO--WE'RE RUSHING  
DOWNTOWN TO A  
BIG BARGAIN SALE  
OF BATHING SUITS!

GOIN'  
TO A  
FIRE?

OH! MY BOY  
FRIEND WILL  
NEVER PASS  
THAT BIG BRUTE  
AND MAKE A  
TOUCHDOWN!



WHEEE! IT'S A  
TOUCHDOWN!

LITTLE  
MAN,  
YOU  
ARE  
SWELL

NIBBLY  
THAT'S  
ME!

CANDID  
CARTOONS

MY DOCTOR  
SAYS I SHOULD  
STAY AWAY  
FROM  
SMOKING,  
AND I'M NOT  
TO HAVE ANY  
EXCITEMENT!

OH DEAR--I'M  
SURE YOU'LL BE  
YEARS RECOVERING,  
DARLING--  
BUT CHEER UP...  
WE'LL COME TO  
SEE YOU!

WOULDN'T IT  
BE AWFUL  
IF YOU  
GOT HOME  
AND FOUND  
YOUR KIDS  
SICK?

A FRIEND  
OF MINE  
HAD HER  
HOUSE BURN  
DOWN WHILE  
SHE WAS  
AWAY!

HEY! WHERE'S  
THAT USHER  
WHO PUT ME  
IN HERE??

BLAME  
IT ON  
WILBUR

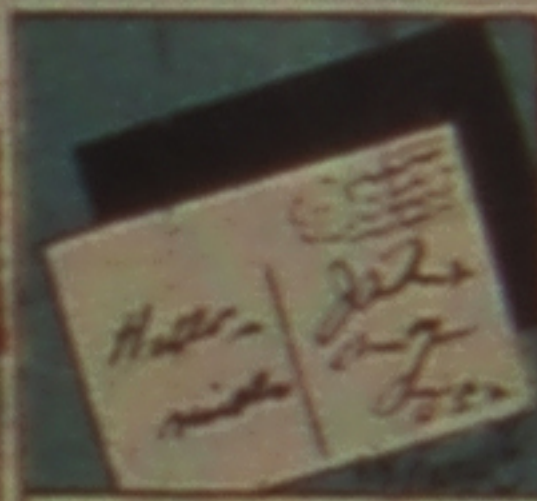
SETTING  
OVER A BIG  
OPERATION...



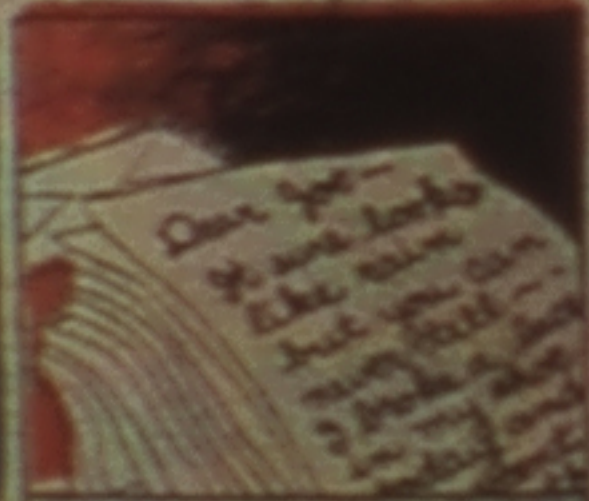
RAMS GATE OTTO  
LUCIFER MILLS...  
LED A LIFE REALLY  
FILLED WITH SCRAPES  
AND THRILLS



WHILE A FELLA WHOSE  
NAME WAS OLIVER PIES  
--SAT ALL DAY AND  
COUNTED THE FLIES



BUT MILLS, WHO FOUND  
THRILLS ON THE CONGO  
AND NILE... ONLY WROTE  
HOME ONCE IN A WHILE



WHILE PIES, WHO DID  
JUST NOTHING AT ALL,  
WROTE LETTERS SPRING  
SUMMER, WINTER AND FALL

TWISTED  
TALES

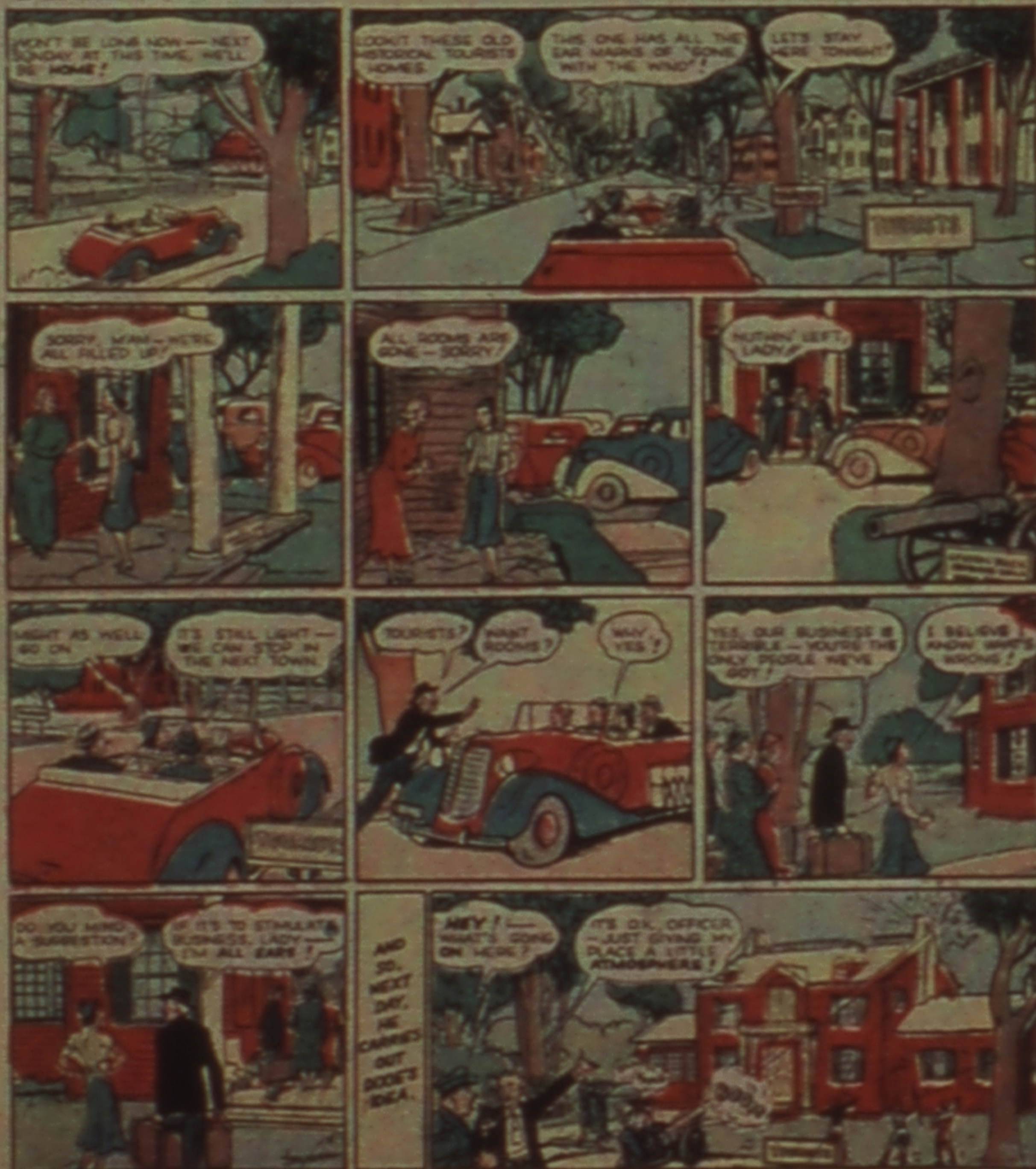
Follow Rube Goldberg's Side Show each month in FEATURE COMICS.





# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIBEL







# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL







# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIEBEL



More of Dixie Dugan in the February issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale December 29th.



# RANCE KEANE

THE KNIGHT  
OF  
THE WEST

WILL ARTHUR

RANCE AND  
PEE WEE LEE  
ARE STOPPING  
OVER IN "SMON  
FORKS" FOR A  
FEW DAYS----

THEY HAVE SET  
UP TEMPORARY  
HEADQUARTERS  
AT THE LOCAL  
HOTEL----

I SHORE AM TUCKERED  
OUT, RANCE! THINK I'LL  
TAKE ONE OF THEM THERE  
NAPS LIKE THE MEXICANS  
TAKE EVERY NOON!!

YOU MEAN  
A "SIESTA"  
PEE WEE!



YOU GO AHEAD AND REST  
UP---- I'M GOING DOWN  
AND LOOK THE  
TOWN OVER! I'LL  
BE BACK IN A  
COUPLE OF HOURS!



RANCE GOES  
DOWN TO THE  
VERANDA OF  
THE HOTEL,  
WHICH SEEMS  
TO BE THE  
CENTER OF  
THE SOCIAL  
LIFE OF SMON  
FORKS----

THE STAGE SHOULD  
BE ALONGS ANY MINUTE  
NOW!

SOMETHIN'S  
COMIN' DOWN THE  
STREET THAR  
NOW-AND IT'S SHORE  
STIRRIN' UP DUST!!



BUT INSTEAD  
OF A STAGE  
COACH, A LONE  
STRANGER  
BREATHLESSLY  
RIDES UP TO  
THE MEN ON  
THE VERANDA--



WHERE'S  
THE  
SHERIFF?

THE STAGE COACH  
IS BEING ROBBED!



I WAS ON MY  
WAY HERE WHEN  
I HEARD SOME  
SHOTS DOWN IN  
THE VALLEY! I  
SAW A GANG  
AMBUSH THE  
STAGE--AND--



I RECOGNIZED ONE  
OF THE BANDITS AS  
"BLACK BOB" SCOFIELD!

SCOFIELD!  
THAT'S  
A HEAP OF  
REWARD MONEY  
FER HIM!



LED BY THE  
SHERIFF,  
THE MEN  
MOUNT AND  
MADLY SPUR  
THEIR  
HORSES  
TOWARD THE  
VALLEY----



RANCE KEEPS  
TO THE REAR  
OF THE GROUP  
OF MEN---

AT HIS FIRST  
OPPORTUNITY,  
HE DROWS HIS  
HORSE UP  
BEHIND A HUGE  
BOULDER---  
THE OTHERS  
CONTINUE ON,  
NOT NOTICING  
RANCE'S  
ABSENCE---

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT,  
I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE  
WHO WILL BE DROPPING  
OUT OF THIS POSSE!



NOW TO MAKE IT BACK  
INTO TOWN AND LAY  
MY TRAP!



IT'S LUCKY I HAVE  
THIS EXTRA COIL  
OF LASSO ROPE!



RANCE HURRIEDLY  
TIES ONE END  
OF THE ROPE  
TO A WITCHING  
POST IN FRONT  
OF THE SIMON  
FORKS BANK

HE THEN LETS  
THE ROPE LAY  
ACROSS THE  
STREET AND  
CAREFULLY  
COVERS IT  
WITH DIRT---

NOW THEN, I THINK  
THIS ROOF WILL MAKE  
A GOOD VANTAGE POINT!



RANCE CLIMBS  
TO THE ROOF,  
CARRYING THE  
UNATTACHED  
END OF THE  
LARIAT WITH  
HIM---



I'LL BE ABLE TO  
COMMAND A VIEW OF  
THE ENTIRE TOWN  
FROM HERE---



IT LOOKS LIKE I DIDN'T  
GET HERE ANY TOO  
SOON---



TWO MASKED  
RIDERS COME  
UP TO THE  
DOOR OF THE  
BANK---RANCE  
RECOGNIZES  
ONE OF THEM  
AS THE  
STRANGER  
WHOSE STORY  
SENT  
PRACTICALLY  
ALL OF THE  
MEN OUT OF  
TOWN!!





RANCE WATCHES  
THE MEN  
ENTER THE  
BANK----

TWO MINUTES  
LATER THEY  
HURRY BACK  
OUT TO THEIR  
HORSES,  
CARRYING BAGS  
OF MONEY--

HAW! THAT WAS  
EASY!! WAIT!!  
THE SHERIFF SEES  
HOW HE'S BEEN  
FOOLED!!

THERE THEY ARE!!  
NOW I'VE GOT TO  
TIME THIS JUST  
RIGHT!!

THEY'RE ON THEIR  
HORSES--- THERE  
THEY GO--- ON A  
"TRIP"--- NOW!

WHAT  
TH--

DON'T TRY TO  
REACH FOR YOUR  
GUNS OR YOU ARE  
DEAD MEN!!

RANCE FIRES  
A VOLLEY OF  
SHOTS INTO  
THE AIR  
WITH THE  
IDEA OF  
ATTRACTING  
THE POSSE  
BACK INTO  
TOWN---

BANG  
BANG

MEANWHILE  
OUT IN THE  
VALLEY  
THE POSSE  
HAS MET  
THE STAGE  
!!

WE'RE OKAY, SHERIFF!  
NOBODY HAS ROBBED  
US!!

WELL, I'LL  
BE---!!

LISTEN, SHERIFF, HEAR  
THOSE SHOTS? WE'VE  
BEEN SENT ON A WILD  
GOOSE CHASE TO GET  
US OUT OF  
TOWN SO  
SOMEBODY  
COULD ROB  
THE BANK!!



THE POSSE  
STARTS  
BACK TO  
SIMON FORKS  
WITH ALL THE  
SPEED THAT  
THE HORSES  
CAN MUSTER-

HOW COULD WE  
FALL FOR SUCH AN  
OLD GAG AS  
THAT?

AS THEY RIDE INTO TOWN----

SAY! LOOK AT THE  
TWO MASKED MEN WITH  
THEIR HANDS UP! SOMEONE  
HAS THEM COVERED!!

IT'S THAT FELLER  
RANCE KEANE! HE'S  
UP ON THE ROOF!!

YOU CAN COME DOWN  
NOW, KEANE, WE'LL COVER  
THESE TWO HOMBRES!!

KEANE, YOU'VE  
CERTAINLY DONE  
SIMON FORKS AN  
INVALUABLE SERVICE!

THANK YOU,  
SHERIFF!!

RANCE EXPLAINS  
HOW HE BECAME  
SUSPICIOUS OF  
THE PLAN TO  
GET THE  
SHERIFF OUT  
OF TOWN----

WHEN THAT STRANGER  
RODE UP AND SAID THAT  
"BLACK BOB" SCOFIELD  
WAS HOLDING UP THE  
STAGE I KNEW  
SOMETHING  
WAS WRONG!  
"BLACK BOB"  
WAS CAPTURED  
IN TONAPAH  
NEVADA THREE  
DAYS AGO----

AFTER THE  
ROBBERS  
ARE LOCKED  
UP IN THE  
JAIL, RANCE  
RETURNS  
TO THE  
HOTEL----

WAKE UP, PEE  
WEE! DON'T YOU  
KNOW THAT  
PEOPLE DIE  
IN BED?

GUESS I MUSTA SLEPT  
PURTY LONG! I SHORE  
HAD AN EXCITING DREAM!  
IT WAS ALL ABOUT  
"BILLY TH' KID" YEW  
NEVER DO HEAR OF  
ANY DARNIN' ROBBERS  
LIKE HE PULLED ANY  
MORE! THE WEST  
SHORE HAS GOTTEN  
TAME!!

HO  
HUM





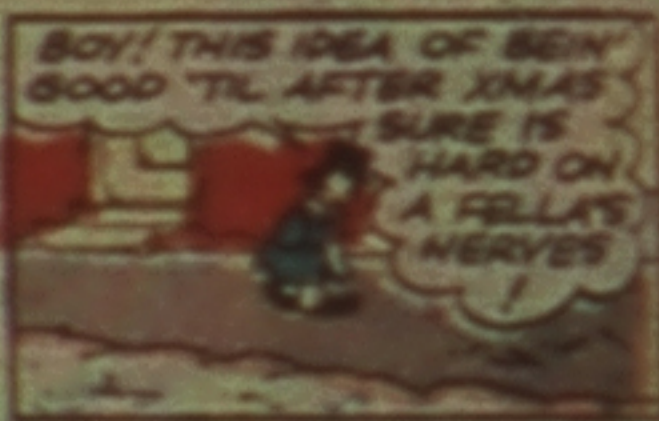
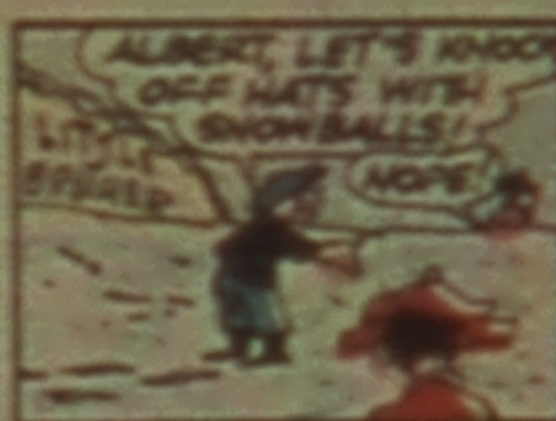
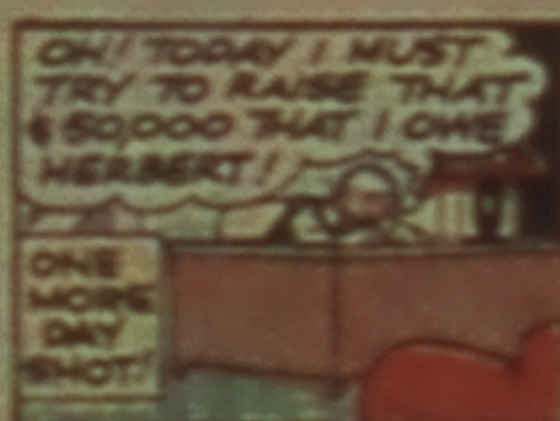
# THE BUNGLE FAMILY

FRIENDS

By H. J. TUTHILL



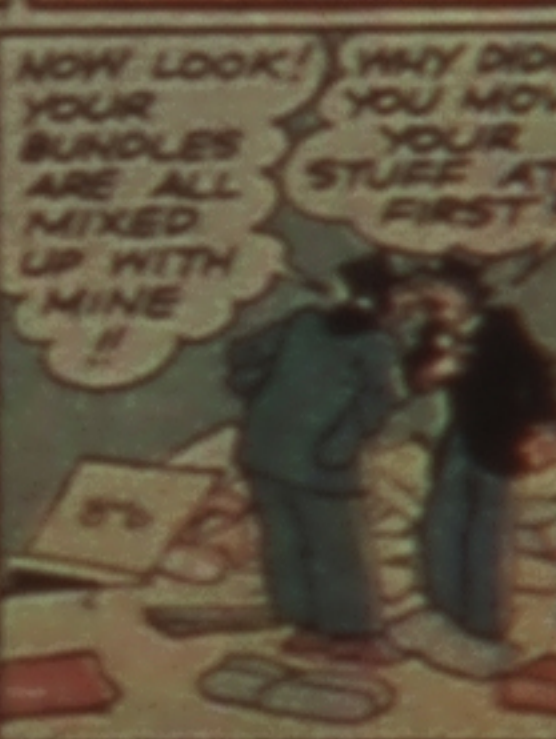




# THE BUNGLE FAMILY

## TROUBLE WEEK

By H. J. TUTTILL



Follow The Bungles in the February issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About  
Bill Carr's  
All Time  
Olympic  
Record

We are at the 1932 Olympic games at Los Angeles, California. We see Big Ben Eastman, Stanford's remarkable quarter-miler, wheel into the home stretch of the 400-meter race in world record time.



What's that? Can you believe your eyes? A shadow appears at the side of the flying Eastman, who had looked like a sure winner.

But there is no mistake about it. One of big time track's most beautiful running machines has pulled abreast of Eastman.



Then, running with the magnificent form for which he was famous, Bill Carr, the Arkansas boy from Pennsylvania university swept on to win the event in the electrifying time of 46.04 seconds! A smashing world record!

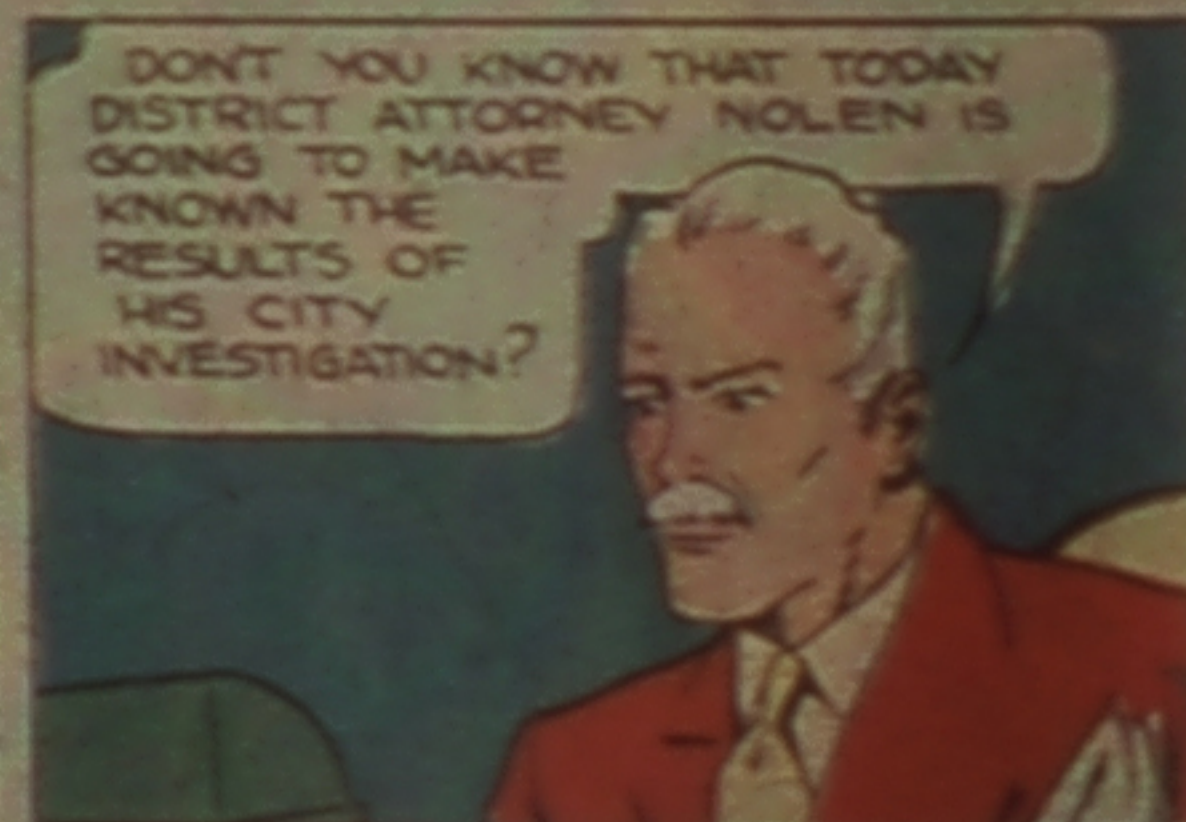
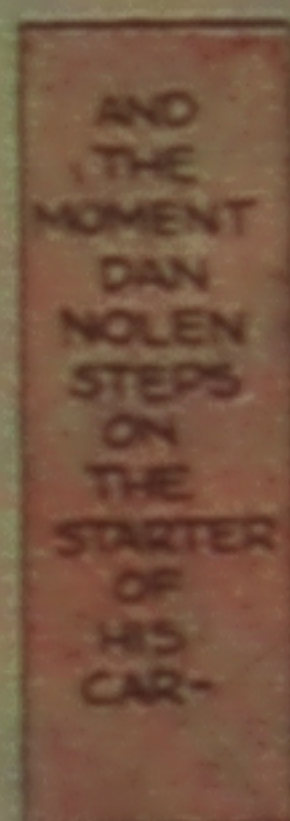


Introducing Bill Carr of Arkansas, ladies and gentlemen, whose racing form was a thing of beauty to behold. Bill is out of competition now, the result of an injury received in an accident.

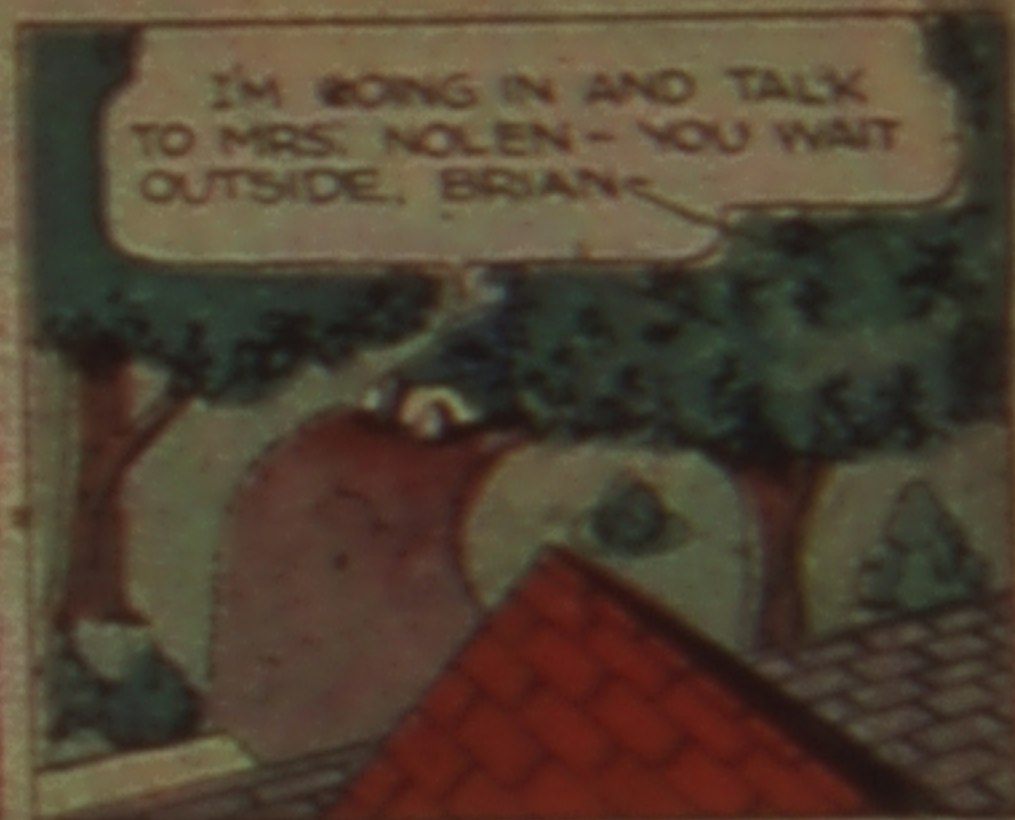
















-REMEMBER, CAPTAIN- I WANT YOU TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS THING OR THERE'LL BE MORE TROUBLE -- GOOD DAY--



WHO WAS THAT, CAPTAIN?

CLYDE NESTE- NOLEN'S ASSISTANT- COME ON BACK TO HEADQUARTERS, MRS. NOLEN HAS GIVEN ME A CLUE ON THIS CASE-



LATER, BACK IN HEADQUARTERS--

LEE- MRS. NOLEN TOLD ME DAN DISCOVERED SEVERAL PAGES MISSING FROM OUR POLICE RECORDS- CHECK UP AND LET ME KNOW IF THIS IS RIGHT-



SHE'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN- THE PAGES FROM MAY 4TH TO JUNE 19TH ARE MISSING-

OKAY, LEE-



WELL, BRIAN- I'M GOING TO HAVE A JOB FINDING THOSE MISSING CASES- SO IF YOU'LL LEAVE ME ALONE----

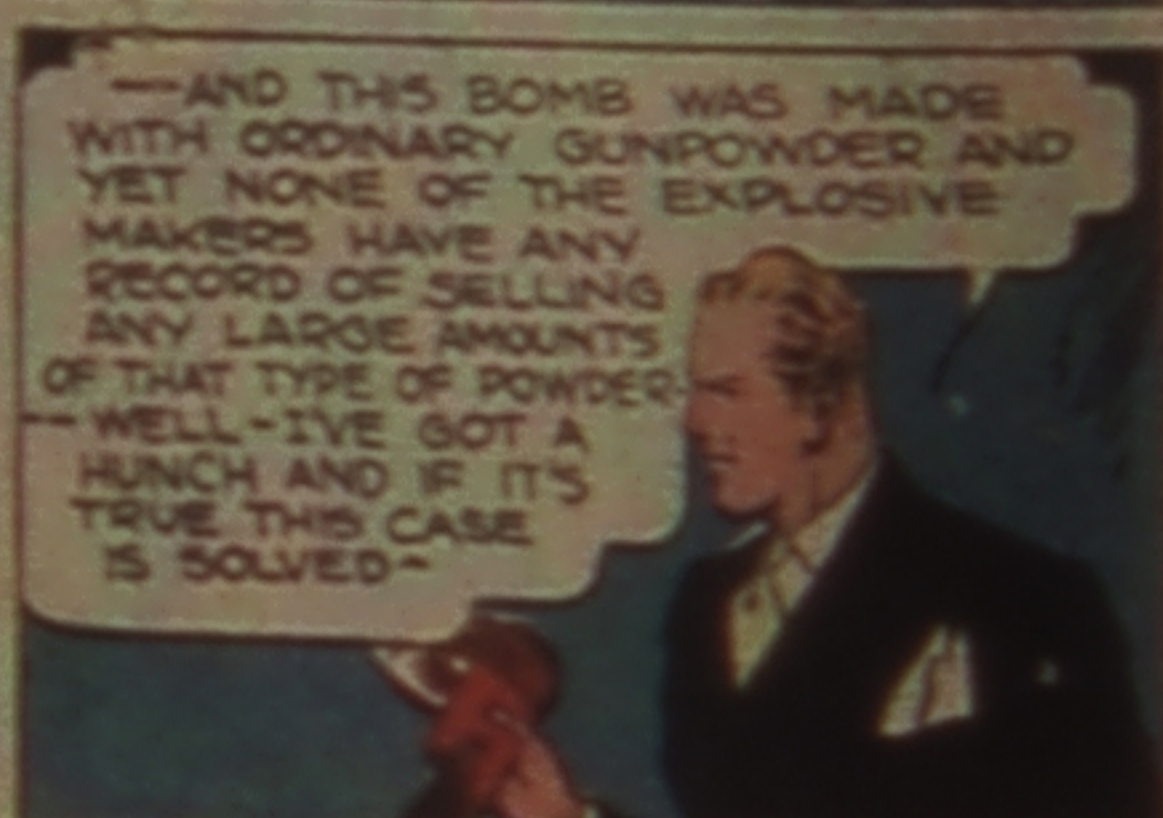
WITH PLEASURE, CAPTAIN- WITH PLEASURE-



HMM-- MAY 4TH TO JUNE 19TH -- AND PART OF A HOME-MADE BOMB AS CLUES-- WE'LL SOON FIND OUT IF THEY MEAN ANYTHING---



-- THANKS VERY MUCH, MRS. NOLEN -- GOOD BYE --



-- AND THIS BOMB WAS MADE WITH ORDINARY GUNPOWDER AND YET NONE OF THE EXPLOSIVE MAKERS HAVE ANY RECORD OF SELLING ANY LARGE AMOUNTS OF THAT TYPE OF POWDER-- WELL- I'VE GOT A HUNCH AND IF IT'S TRUE THIS CASE IS SOLVED--



IT IS LATE  
AT NIGHT  
AND THE  
CLOCK  
CLIMBS  
THROUGH  
A WINDOW  
OF A HOME  
SITUATED  
IN THE  
RESIDENTIAL  
SECTION  
OF  
THE  
CITY--



-AND  
HE  
HAS  
LITTLE  
TROUBLE  
IN  
FINDING  
AND  
OPENING  
THE  
SAFE

AH, JUST AS I THOUGHT--  
THE MISSING RECORDS!!



WHAT'S THIS??--  
EMPTYED SHELLS AND  
MORE SHELLS---  
PRETTY CLEVER--



OH-OH--SOMEONE'S  
COMING!



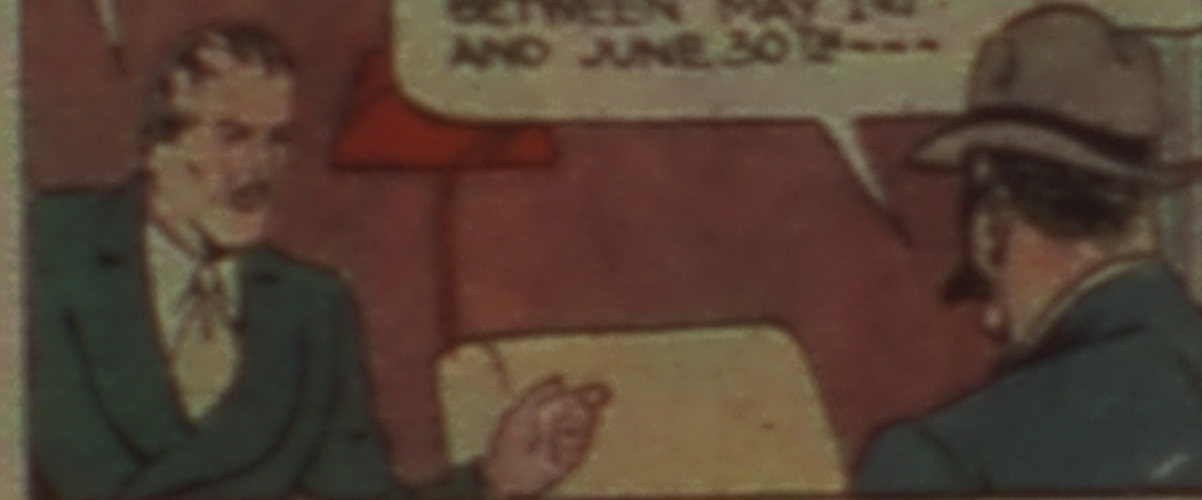
STAND JUST AS  
YOU ARE, MR. CLYDE  
NESTE--

HUH??



TH--THE  
CLOCK! HOW'D  
YOU FIND  
OUT?

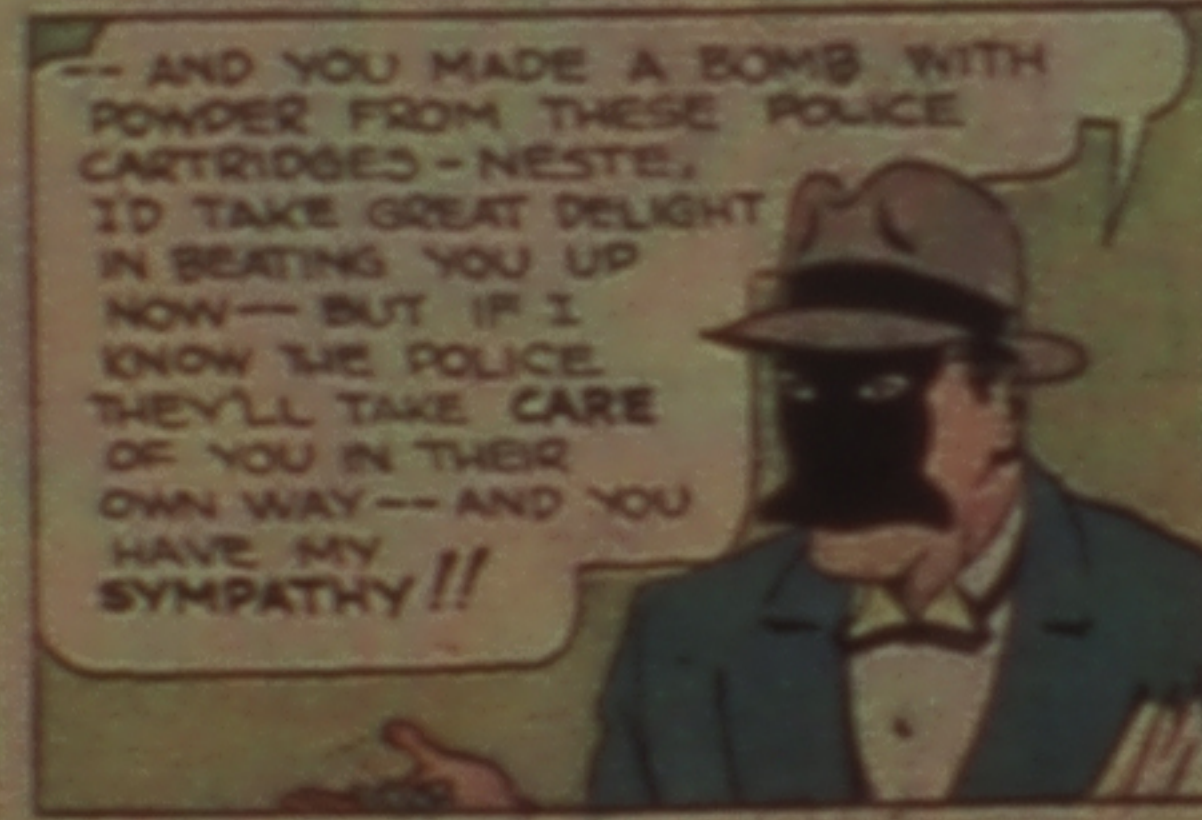
EASILY! MRS. NOLEN  
TOLD ME THAT YOU  
WERE THE ONLY PERSON  
TO HAVE ACCESS TO THOSE  
RECORDS WHEN THEY  
WERE ON THEIR VACATION  
BETWEEN MAY 1ST  
AND JUNE 30TH--



-- WHILE NOLEN WAS AWAY BIG CROOKS  
BRIBED YOU TO REMOVE THEIR  
NAMES FROM THE FILES -- WHEN YOU  
FOUND OUT THAT NOLEN SUSPECTED  
YOU OF THIS YOU DECIDED TO  
KILL HIM----



-- AND YOU MADE A BOMB WITH  
POWDER FROM THESE POLICE  
CARTRIDGES - NESTE,  
I'D TAKE GREAT DELIGHT  
IN BEATING YOU UP  
NOW-- BUT IF I  
KNOW THE POLICE  
THEY'LL TAKE CARE  
OF YOU IN THEIR  
OWN WAY-- AND YOU  
HAVE MY  
SYMPATHY!!





LEARNING TO TELL TIME  
IS EASY WITH ONE OF MY  
WRIST WATCHES



**THINK OF OWNING  
ONE OF THESE SLICK**

***Ingersoll***  
WATCHES

**AND CHRISTMAS IS JUST THE TIME  
TO ASK FOR ONE!**

**Only *Ingersoll*  
CAN MAKE MICKEY MOUSE  
AND DONALD DUCK WATCHES**

THIS ONE'S ONLY \$7.00—  
HAS MY PICTURE ON FRONT  
AND MICKEY'S ON THE BACK



***Ingersoll* MICKEY MOUSE WRIST WATCH**  
NEW MODEL—At a New Low Price!

Mickey Mouse tells  
everybody—guaranteed  
to amaze everybody!  
This new model Mickey  
Mouse watch has an up-to-date, re-  
sistible strap—new—and has a  
second hand! Your choice of  
black leather strap or all  
gold wrist band. For boys  
and girls. Also in 14K gold  
plate with pig green leather  
strap. \$2.95

**\$2.95**

***Ingersoll* DONALD DUCK—  
MICKEY MOUSE Pocket Watch**

The one and only  
Donald Duck on the  
dial and Mickey  
Mouse on the back—  
both in bright red  
and colors. Unexcelled  
after crystal. A sturdy  
dependable watch  
backed by Ingersoll  
—America's Watch  
word for nearly 30  
years.

**\$7.00**



AN INGENSOLL WATCH—THE  
SWEETEST OF ALL THE  
ONE THAT SWEETLY SAYS

NOTHING BUT  
AN INGENSOLL  
FOR ME!

**SHOW DAD YOU KNOW WATCH VALUE**  
ASK FOR AN ***Ingersoll*** BY NAME!



Ingersoll is the first choice for those  
who value. This great watch has  
been the standard of service for  
over 30 years! It's the best  
Ingersoll is the first of its  
kind watch.

**INGERSOLL WATCH—A sturdy and  
new all-weather. Shatter-  
proof. Also has a  
substantial crystal that  
never cracks!**

**\$7.00**

**\$2.95 INGENSOLL SWAGGER  
WRIST WATCH**



OTHER INGENSOLL POCKET AND WRIST WATCHES TO \$3.95

THE NATION'S WATCHWORD  
FOR VALUE

Ingersoll-Waterbury Company  
Waterbury, Connecticut

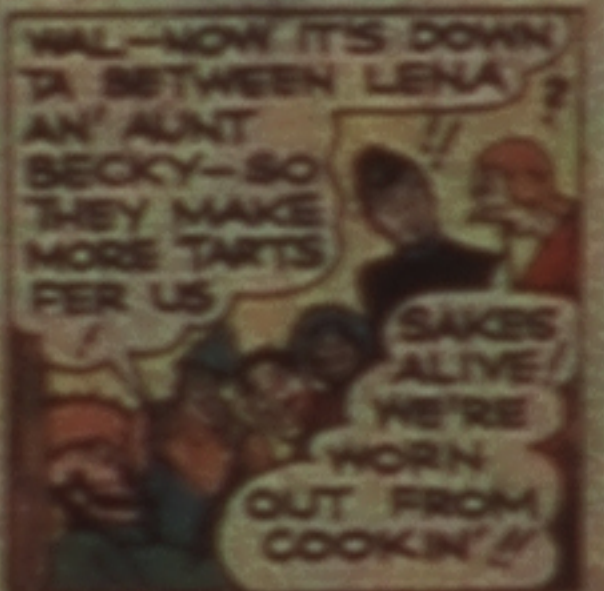
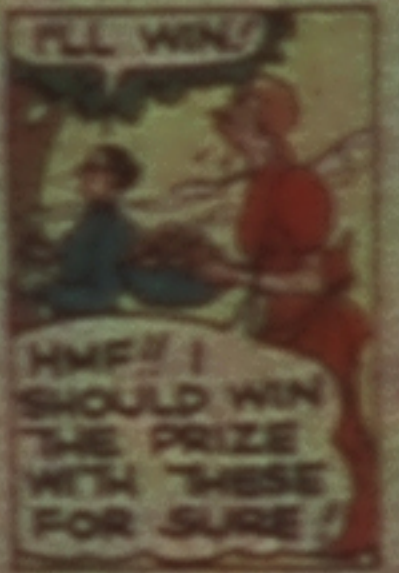
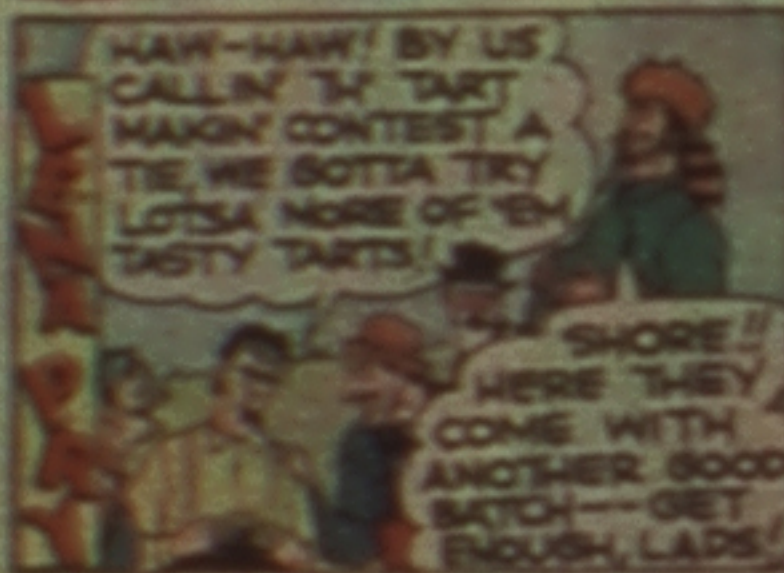
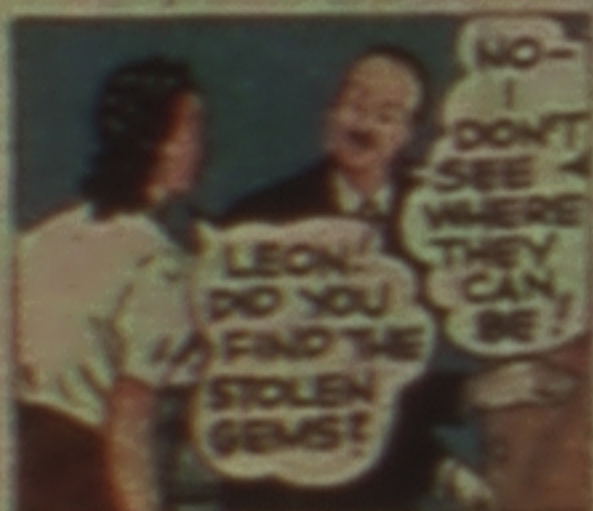
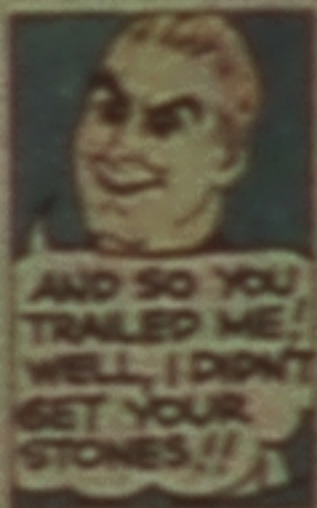
***Ingersoll***

Nothing is left to chance when the  
amazing "Electric Eye" and other in-  
clusive Ingersoll devices check watch  
parts for precision. No wonder today's  
Ingersolls are such a big value!



# JANE ARDEN

by Thelma Burton and Robert E. Ross



## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





# JANE ARDEN

by Mance Stevens and Russell E. Ross

AS THE MAN WITH THE SCAR SUSPECTS JANE AND POUNDS AT HER CABIN DOOR—

JANE! ARE YOU THERE?!

HE MUST GO ON THINKING I'M A CROOK TOO!

HERE— BIND AND GAS ME!! HE THINKS I ROBBED YOU IN PARIS!

SWELL IDEA— WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!

HURRY, LEON—

DROP THAT GUN!!

WHAT? YOU— AGAIN!

ONE OF YOU TWO STOLE MY DIAMONDS— I DON'T GET 'EM NOW, BUT I WILL SOMETIME!!

SO HE GOT YOU— DID HE FIND ANYTHING?

NO— BUT IF HE CALLS THE COPS WE GET CAUGHT—

WE CAN'T GET AWAY ON THIS SHIP— BUT THEY'LL HAVE TO FIND THE GEMS!

HMM—I DON'T GET IT— HOW DID HE TRAIL US ON THIS SHIP IN THE FIRST PLACE?

HOW WOULD I EVER KNOW!

JANE'S OKAY— BUT HOW DID THAT GUY PICK UP OUR ROUTE? IF JANE EVER DOUBLE CROSSED ME, I'D—!!

LEON IS A CLEVER AGENT—

THIS IS TICKLISH BUSINESS— HE SUSPECTS ME, BUT HE ISN'T QUITE SURE!

AS LONG AS WE KEEP CALLIN' THIS TART CONTEST A TIE, THEY FEED US NO!

IT WERE A SMART IDEA, MEN!

WE'LL FIX 'EM WITH THIS NEXT NICE BATCH!

THEY'RE CALLIN' IT A TIE SO'S WE HAFTA GIVE 'EM MORE!

YIPPEEE! HEAR THEY COME WIF' A MESS O' TARTS SO'S WE KIN AT LAS' NAME THET BBS' COOK!

A NICE BATCH, GALS

WOW! MORE GOOD EATIN'!!

EEEEK!! AN ALL HALP— YOU BOYS IS IT'S POISON! SO GONNA EAT 'EM!

HOW D'YA LIKE PEPPER TARTS BOYS?

OH!! AH WANTS WATER ULP!

SLUP! SLUP!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





# JANE ARDEN

by Walter Durrone and Howard K. Shaw

JANE IS CALLED TO THE CABIN OF LEON, THE FEDERAL AGENT—

I HAD YOU COME HERE TO MAKE PLANS—

THE MAN WITH THE SCAR\* HAS TRICKED US AT EVERY TURN!

NOW—HE HAS THE DIAMONDS AND HE MUST GET THEM ASHORE—I'VE JUST CABLED OUR CUSTOMS MEN TO BE SHARP!

WE'RE DOCKING TODAY—I HOPE MY JOB IS SOON OVER!

127-8  
AH—I WAS WAITING FOR YOU— WHY IS ANYTHING WRONG?

I WANT THE DIAMONDS— WE'LL BE GOING THROUGH THE CUSTOMS SOON—

BUT, YOU—  
AHH—  
HERE THEY ARE! I HID THEM IN THESE FLOWERS—

YOU HAVE A NECKLACE— LET ME HAVE THAT NOW TOO!

WE'D BETTER EACH CARRY OUR OWN— THERE'S LESS RISK!

THERE'S NO RISK— SEE THE SLOT INSIDE THE STRAPS ON THIS BAG?  
IS THAT HOW YOU'LL GET THEM IN?

SURE, THEY LOOK FOR FALSE BAGS AND TRUNK BOTTOMS SO—  
HERE—YOU CAN TAKE MY NECKLACE TOO— THEY'LL NEVER CATCH YOU!!

AND NOW OUR FAIR GIVES A PRIZE OF 154 FOR THE LAZIEST MAN!

WAL, HEAH IS BIG ZEKE! HE IS SO LAZY HE HAD HIS KIDS CARRY HIM HERE IN THAT BLANKET!

YO' GALS KIN JUS' PUT TH' PRIZE HEAH IN MAH HAND!  
NO, HE AINT LAZY OR HE WUNT PUT OUT HIS HAND!

I DON'T BOTHER ME— NOW I ONLY GOT 15 HOURS SLEEP!  
LOOK— IT'S UNCLE FLOYD!

THAR'S A BEE HIVE AGAINST YER LEG, FLOYD—  
THEY'S OKAY IF AH DON'T STIR!

WELL, YOU WIN, UNCLE FLOYD!  
AH WONT BOTHER TURNIN'— JUS' PUT TH' PRIZE IN MAH POCKET!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





IT'LL  
BE  
EASY

AFTER  
"THE MAN  
WITH THE  
SCAR"  
SHOWS  
JANE THE  
SECRET  
BAG STRAPS

WATCH US SLIP THROUGH THE CUSTOMS WITH THESE!

WELL—  
IT'S  
TIME  
WE WENT  
ON  
DECK!

I'LL JOIN YOU  
THERE—I'M  
NOT QUITE  
FINISHED  
WITH MY  
PACKING

LEON? HE  
HAS THE  
GEMS IN  
GROOVED  
STRAPS ON  
HIS BAG—  
TELL THE  
CUSTOMS  
MEN---  
OKAY?

NOW, BE CALM  
- I'VE DONE  
THIS OFTEN  
BEFORE!

I AM A  
BIT NERV-  
OUS— BUT  
I'LL BE  
ALL RIGHT—

I HOPE  
LEON HAS  
INSTRUCTED  
THE CUSTOMS  
MEN PROPERLY.

NOW I'LL  
KNOW IF  
JANE IS ON  
THE LEVEL  
WITH ME--

IF  
THEY  
FIND  
THAT  
HIDING  
PLACE  
I'LL  
KNOW  
SHE  
TOLD  
THEM

THIS LOOKS ALRIGHT,  
SIR---

HMM—  
QUEER  
STRAPS  
YOU  
HAVE  
HERE!  
I'LL JUST  
LOOK—

JANE—I'LL  
BE HELD UP!  
GO RIGHT TO  
RUCKERS—  
I'LL JOIN YOU  
LATER.----

LOOKS  
AS IF  
YOU  
MIGHT  
NOT  
GET  
THERE

NOTHING HERE  
- I THOUGHT  
I REALLY HAD  
SOMETHING

SEARCH HIM,  
OFFICER—HE  
HAS A FORTUNE  
IN BEMS HERE  
SOMEWHERE!

**CONCLUSIONS**

SAY! IT AIN'T  
POLITE TO  
EAT THAT  
WAY!!

WHAT'S  
WRONG  
WIF  
MY  
EATIN'?

WHY—A MAN  
GOTTA BLOW  
THAT HOT  
COFFEE,  
LENA—

**SAVES  
ALIVE  
IT IS  
HOT!**

HEAR—TAKE  
HINE—IT'S  
BEEN WELL  
BLOWED!

NAW—  
THAT  
AIN'T  
PERLITE  
REB!

WHY AIN'T  
IT?

COUSIN FLOYD HAS -  
BEEN THE CITY AN'  
HE GOT MANNERS!! HE  
SAYS WE SHANT COOL  
OUR COFFEE BY  
BLOWIN' -

--FLOYD SAYS YA  
SHOULD JIST FAN  
IT WIF  
YER HAT.  
SEE ?

### JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE









# THE DOLLMAN

BY  
*Wm. L. Brown*

IN THE WAKE OF DAWN A TREASURE LADEN FREIGHTER SILENTLY SLIPS DOWN THE HARBOR, BOUND FOR THE ORIENT. ITS HOLD FILLED WITH SILVER BULLION.



EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER, SIR.

ALL HANDS LOOK ALIVE. WE'VE GOT A MIGHTY VALUABLE CARGO THIS TRIP.



THE SHIP TREMBLES, HALTS MOMENTARILY AND LIKE A WOUNDED SEA MAMMAL SINKS BELOW THE WAVES.



AS IT THUDS TO THE OCEAN'S FLOOR A MONSTEROUS MACHINE CRAWLS OUT OF THE SWIRLING GLOOM!!!



THERE SHE LIES, DR. RODENT. THAT'S OUR FIFTH PRIZE THIS MONTH!!



GO TO WORK, YOU GUYS. PUT YER HELMETS ON CAREFULLY. LAROW, NEARLY DROWNED ON THE LAST HAUL!!



TAKE IT EASY, NO COPPERS CAN BOTHER US DOWN HERE.



THE NEXT DAY DARREL DANE THE DOLLMAN APPEARS AT THE OFFICE OF POLICE INSPECTOR VALENT.

HMM, SO YOU'RE THE DARREL DANE PROF. ROBERTS SPOKE TO ME ABOUT.



THESE HARBOR BOMBINGS ARE BEYOND US. IF YOU THINK YOU CAN SOLVE THEM WITH YOUR SCIENTIFIC DOODADS, OK WITH ME. BUT I PERSONALLY DON'T BELIEVE YOU CAN.



LATER THAT NIGHT...

WELL, PROFESSOR ROBERTS, VALENT DIDN'T THINK MUCH OF MY ABILITY TO HELP BUT I'VE A PLAN.



I'VE BEEN STUDYING THE REPORTS OF ALL THOSE EARLY DISASTERS. EACH EXPLOSION OCCURRED IN THE SAME MANNER. SO UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN THE TRAWLER LEAVING TONIGHT FOR EUROPE IS DOOMED TO THE SAME FATE AS THE OTHERS!!



DARREL STRIDES TO THE FAMILIAR LABORATORY.



BUT DARREL YOU MEAN THAT YOU WILL GO DOWN TO THE DOCKS??



YES OR RATHER THE DOLLMAN WILL BE ON HAND!



WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF MAGIC, DARREL DANE SHRINKS.



AND NOW TO GET TO WORK. SEE YOU LATER, PROFESSOR!



OH OH THERE'S TIPPY OUR CAT!



THE GREEN EYES OF TIPPY GROW AS LARGE AS THE DOLLMAN!!

THE DOLLMAN LEAPS LIGHTLY FROM THE WINDOW ONTO A SPEEDING CAR.



BOY! I HAVEN'T HAD A LIFT THIS WAY SINCE I WAS A KID!

AT DR. RODENT'S HIDEOUT... EVERYTHING IS WORKING LIKE A CLOCK!



TONIGHT WE TIE STICKS OF DYNAMITE ON TO THESE RATS, AND HAVE THEM BOARD THE TRAWLER 'MARIS'!

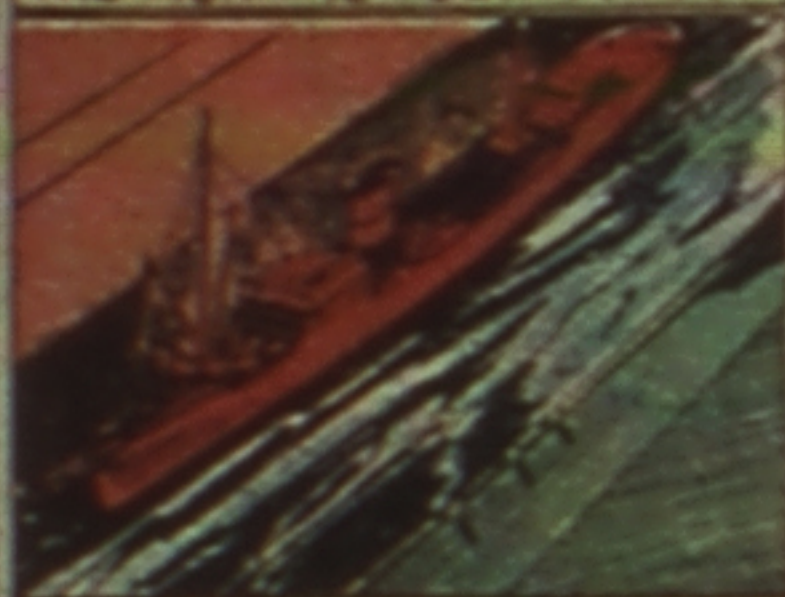


WHEN THE SHIP IS WELL OUT OF THE HARBOR, THE DYNAMITE WILL EXPLODE... AND WE'LL FINISH THE JOB AS USUAL!





THAT EVENING LIKE A SLUMBER-  
ING GIANT THE HUGE STEAMER  
LIES IN ITS WHARF AWAITING  
THE MORNING TIDE.



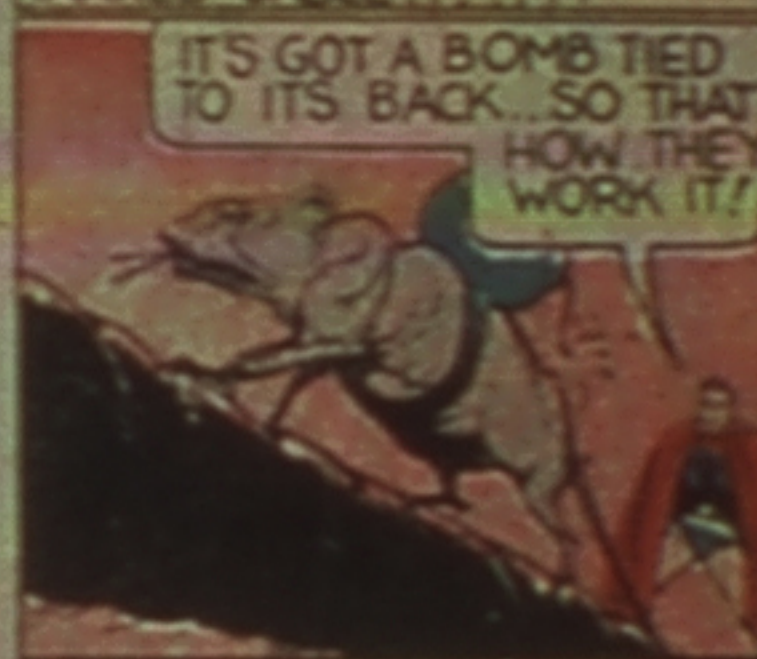
THROUGH THE DARKNESS, THE  
DOLL MAN RACES.

ONCE INSIDE THE HULL, I CAN  
CHECK THE  
CARGO!



IN A FLASH, HE IS UP THE  
MOORING ROPES.

SUDDENLY, AHEAD OF HIM, A  
RAT SCURRIES ALONG THE  
TARRED CABLE.



IT'S GOT A BOMB TIED  
TO ITS BACK... SO THAT'S  
HOW THEY  
WORK IT!

THIS JOB IS GOING TO  
BE EASIER THAN I  
THOUGHT!



SAY, I'M A PRETTY GOOD  
RAT EXTERMINATOR.  
BETTER THAN  
SOME OF THE  
POWDERS!



OH-OH! HERE COME  
SOME RATS I HATE  
VERY MUCH!



SUDDENLY, DR. RODENT AND  
TWO HENCHMEN APPEAR ON  
THE DOCK IN TIME TO SEE



RATS!  
FLYIN' IN ALL  
DIRECTIONS!

BOSS! LET'S SCRAM!  
I'M BEGINNING  
TO SEE THINGS!  
THERE'S A TINY  
GUY ON THAT  
ROPE!

THE  
DOLLMAN!  
I'LL FIX HIM!



DR. RODENT'S KNIFE NARROWLY  
MISSES THE ALERT DOLL MAN!



THE  
DOLLMAN  
IS UPON  
THEM!



-AND IN THE RESULTING TUMULT  
DR. RODENT TRIES TO ESCAPE.

THIS NOISE'LL WAKE UP THE  
WHOLE POLICE  
FORCE!







THAT BLASTED IMP HAS RUINED MY PLANS, BUT I GOT AWAY! HE CAN'T GET ME!



BUT THE DOLLMAN IS NEARBY!

THERE'S A POLICE CAR I'VE GOT A PLAN!

FREE AT LAST! HA HA HA!



HEY! YOU OVERSTUFFED BLUECOATS, STOP DREAMING!

WHAT TH?

THE TERRIFIED GANG LEADER SWINGS A HEAVY WRENCH AT THE DOLLMAN



GOT YOU AT LAST!

DR. RODENT'S CAR SWINGS MADLY AROUND DANGEROUS CORNERS



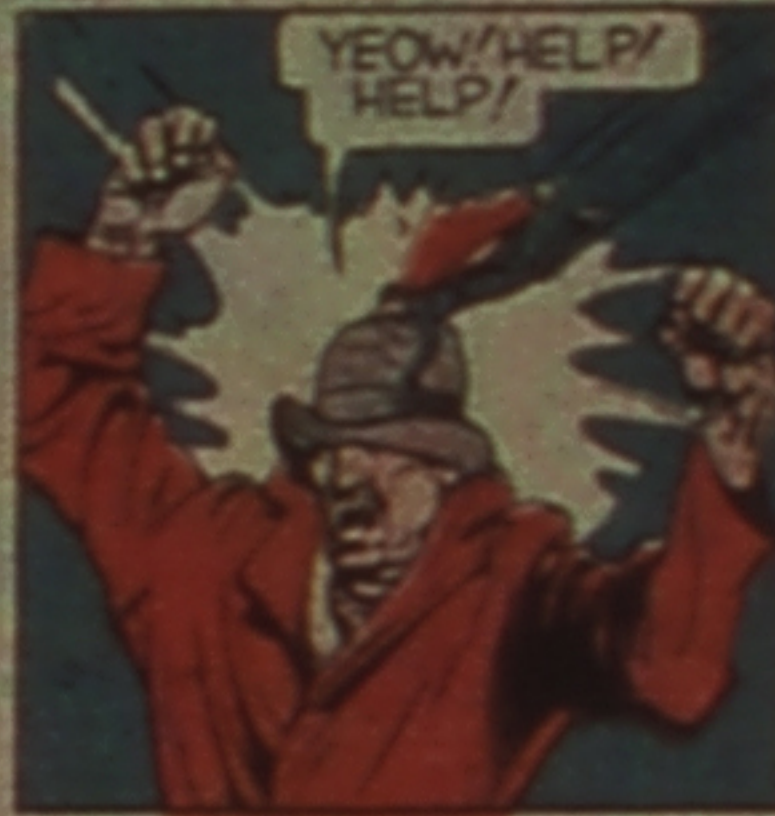
WITH THE DOLLMAN AWAY, I CAN MAKE GOOD MY ESCAPE!



AH! THERE'S THE TANK! ONCE INSIDE, THEY'LL NEVER REACH ME!



WHAT'S THIS! I THOUGHT I KILLED YOU! IT-CAN'T BE!!



YEOW! HELP! HELP!



THE POLICE RUSH IN, AND TAKE COMMAND OF THE SITUATION



THE COMMISSIONER WILL BE GLAD TO SEE THIS!

LATER, THE DOLLMAN IS BACK TO HIS NORMAL SIZE



I HAD A SWELL TIME, DOC!!

More of The Doll Man in the February issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# LALA PALODZA

PRIMROSE PLACE



HAVE A CHAIR, FRIEND



# LALAPALOOZA

VINCENT, I'M THINKING OF ORGANIZING AN UPLIFT SOCIETY DOWN IN PRIMROSE PLACE.

PRIMROSE PLACE?

BUT, LALA—YOU CAN'T GO DOWN TO PRIMROSE PLACE—THAT'S THE TOUGHEST SECTION IN THE CITY....



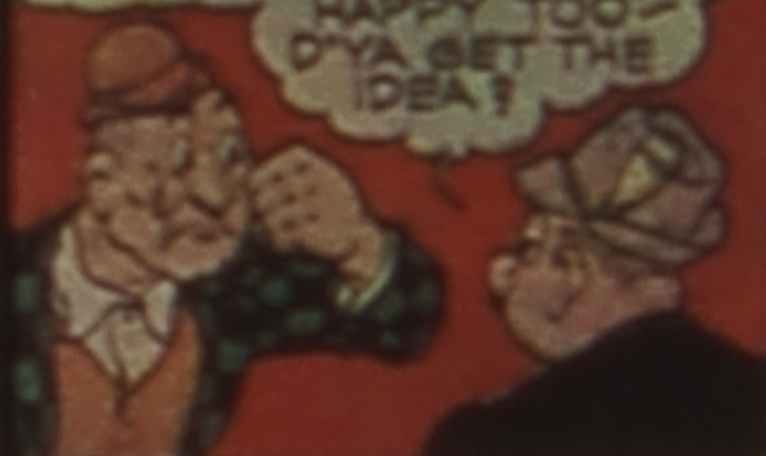
WHY THE KIDS DOWN THERE USE LOCOMOTIVE WHEELS FOR HOOPS, AND PLAY 'JACKS' WITH TUGBOAT ANCHORS!



BUT WE SHOULD HELP THEM, VINCENT—JUST LOOK AT THAT POOR MAN—GO OVER AND CHEER HIM UP!



AW—F'GET YOUR OWN LITTLE TROUBLES, BUDDY—MY SISTER SAYS HELPING OTHER FOLKS AND MAKING THEM HAPPY MAKES YOU HAPPY TOO—D'YA GET THE IDEA?



YEAH—I GET IT AN' I THINK IT'S SWELL—IN FACT TH' WHOLE IDEA CHEERS ME UP SO MUCH THAT I THINK I'LL GO RIGHT OUT AN' KNOCK SOMEBODY'S EARS OFF!



NIX NIX—YOU'VE GOT THIS ALL BALLED UP—I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME!



I WANT YOU TO INTRODUCE ME TO THE PEOPLE ON PRIMROSE PLACE SO I CAN HELP THEM!



MEET BUTCH MR SLUG!

GLAD T'MEET UP WIT' YOUSE SOCIAL—

OW! MY HAND!



ER—IF YOU INTRODUCE ME TO ANY MORE OF THE BOYS—INSTEAD OF SHAKING HANDS—ASK 'EM TO GIVE ME A KICK IN THE PANTS!



So VINCENT COMES TO BRING THE SPIRIT OF BROTHERLY LOVE TO PRIMROSE PLACE....



Follow Lala Palooza and Vincent in the February issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

REYNOLDS IS ON HIS WAY TO BEAVER ISLAND TO INVESTIGATE REPORTS OF A MYSTERIOUS LIGHT SEEN ONLY AT NIGHT—

THERE'S BEAVER ISLAND, SERGEANT REYNOLDS!

WHAT'S THIS CASE ALL ABOUT, SIR??

WELL, RED—SEVERAL PEOPLE HAVE REPORTED SEEING A MYSTERIOUS SEARCHLIGHT AT NIGHT—SOMETHING IS GOING ON AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

WELL, THE PLANE'S DOCKED—C'MON, WE'RE STAYING AT THE HOTEL HERE WHILE WORKING ON THIS CASE!

AT THE HOTEL

HELLO, SERGEANT—YOUR ROOMS ARE READY, SIR!

FINE—BY THE WAY—WHERE'S ROSS, THE OWNER OF THIS HOTEL?

ROSS WENT AWAY ON A HUNTING TRIP A FEW DAYS AGO—WON'T BE BACK FOR SOME TIME HE SAID—HE LEFT ME IN CHARGE—SAM'S MY NAME, SIR—

LATER—

SO YOU DON'T TRUST SAM, EH?

NO—I DON'T, RED! HE LOOKED NERVOUS AND SCARED WHEN HE SAW US—IT'S SURE A FINE NIGHT—THIS WALK WILL DO US GOOD!

SERGEANT—LOOK!!!

GREAT SCOTT!! IT'S THE MYSTERY LIGHT!!

IT'S SIGNALLING TO SOMEONE—LET'S GO, RED—WE'LL GIVE THEM A NICE WARM SURPRISE!!



THE TWO MEN RUN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE MYSTERIOUS LIGHT—

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO CATCH THEM RED HANDED!



CAREFUL, RED—ONE LITTLE NOISE AND WE'LL GIVE OURSELVES AWAY!



IT'S 'EM ALL RIGHT—CAN YOU MAKE OUT WHO THEY ARE?

NO—THEY'RE STANDING IN COMPLETE DARKNESS— BUT LISTEN....



SIGNAL TH' NORTH COVE, QUICK—TELL 'EM NOT TO EXPECT ANY MORE "STUFF" UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!



THAT MOUNTIE IS SPOILIN' EVERYTHING—

WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, RED, LET'S RUSH 'EM!

OKAY!



NOW.... HANDS UP, YOU TWO—DON'T MAKE A MOVE!!



IT'S TH' MOUNTIE! QUICK—GIVE 'IM TH' LIGHT!!



—UGH—THAT LIGHT— IT'S BLINDING ME!!

TURN IT OFF— --UGH!



BLINDED BY THE LIGHT, REYNOLDS AND RED FALL VICTIMS TO THE TWO STRANGERS—



OW—MY HEAD— THEY SURE DID SOME QUICK THINKING!



YES—BUT SO WILL WE, RED—I'M GOING TO VISIT THE NORTH COVE— THIS TIME I'M GOING TO THROW SOME LIGHT ON THIS CASE!!





BEAVING  
RED AT THE  
HOTEL,  
REYNOLDS  
ROWS TO  
THE NORTH  
COVE OF  
BEAVER  
ISLAND  
THE  
NEXT  
DAY—

SO, SOMEONE IS  
GETTING SOME  
"STUFF" AROUND  
HERE, EH? I'D  
BETTER EXAMINE  
A FEW OF THOSE  
ABANDONED  
CANNERIES!!



THIS PLACE IS FULL OF  
BOXES AND CRATES—  
WONDER WHAT'S IN  
THEM—NO ONE  
SEEMS TO BE  
AROUND!!

NOW—LET'S SEE..., SAY-Y-Y!  
W-WHAT?? --- BOMBS—  
MACHINE GUNS—  
EXPLOSIVES—WELL—  
I'LL BE---!!



HANDS UP, MOUNTIE—AND GET  
AWAY FROM THOSE BOXES!!  
CYON—BE QUICK ABOUT IT  
OR I'LL DRILL YUH!

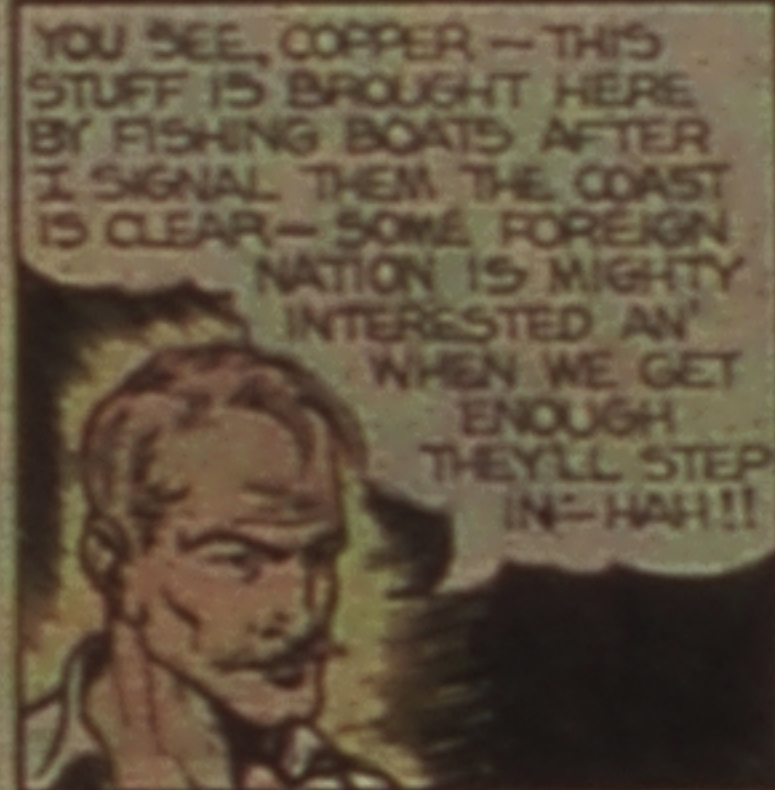


I FIGURED  
YOU WERE  
MIXED UP  
IN THIS  
SOMEHOW,  
SAM!!

NEVER MIND  
THET—YOU'LL  
NEVER GET  
OUT O' HERE  
ALIVE, MOUNTIE!



YOU SEE, COPPER—THIS  
STUFF IS BROUGHT HERE  
BY FISHING BOATS AFTER  
I SIGNAL THEM THE COAST  
IS CLEAR—SOME FOREIGN  
NATION IS MIGHTY  
INTERESTED AN'  
WHEN WE GET  
ENOUGH  
THEY'LL STEP  
IN—HAH!!



MEANWHILE, REYNOLDS HAS  
MANAGED TO GET NEAR A  
LOOSE BOARD—SUDDENLY,  
HE STEPS ON IT—



OOF--!!

THE BOARD COMES UP WITH  
GREAT FORCE AND CATCHES  
SAM OFF GUARD—

SAM DROPS HIS GUN, BUT  
LUNGES AT REYNOLDS—



UGH!

N-NO USE  
RUNNING—  
I'LL GET  
YOU!



YOU'LL  
NEVER GET  
ME, MOUNTIE,  
SO LONG!!

YOU MISSED AGAIN,  
MOUNTIE—HA—HA—I'M  
GOIN' UP TH' RIVER—  
MAYBE YOU'D LIKE  
T'JOIN ME—HA—HA!!



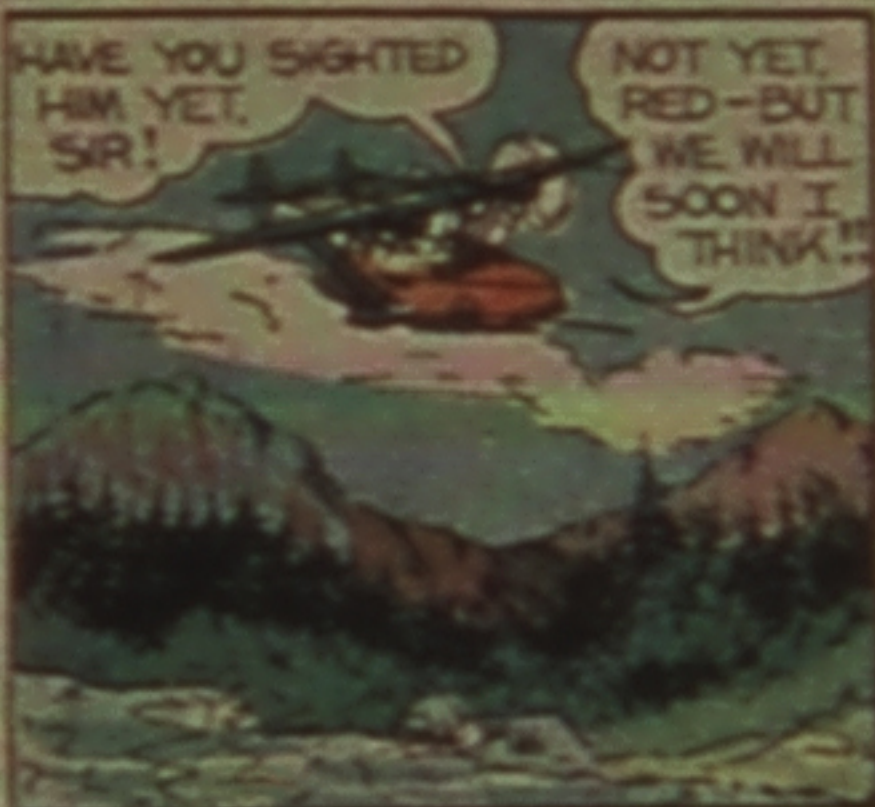
BUT SAM IS ALREADY IN HIS  
SPEEDBOAT BY THE TIME THE  
MOUNTIE GOES OUT ON THE DOCK



REYNOLDS  
HURRIES  
BACK TO  
THE HOTEL—  
A FEW  
MINUTES  
LATER, HE  
AND RED  
ARE  
FLYING  
UP THE  
RIVER IN  
PURSUIT  
OF SAM—

HAVE YOU SIGHTED  
HIM YET,  
SIR?

NOT YET,  
RED—BUT  
WE WILL  
SOON I  
THINK!!



HAH—I'LL LAND AT  
NOLAN CREEK AND  
DISAPPEAR INTO  
THE MOUNTAINS  
BEFORE THEY  
CAN GET  
STARTED!!



THERE HE GOES,  
SERGEANT—  
WHAT NOW??



GOOD SHOT, SIR—  
LOOK!! THE BOAT'S UP  
IN FLAMES—WE'D  
BETTER LAND  
QUICKLY AND  
RESCUE 'IM!!



ALL RIGHT, RED—WE'RE  
ALMOST OVER HIM—  
SWOOP DOWN AS  
LOW AS YOU DARE  
GO—I'M GOING TO  
TAKE A LONG  
CHANCE AND SEE  
IF I CAN GET AT  
HIS GASOLINE  
TANK!!

OKAY, SERGEANT,  
HERE GOES!!



STEP ON IT, SAM—WE'D LIKE TO  
GET AS FAR AWAY AS  
POSSIBLE FROM THAT  
BLAZE!

YA GOT  
ME, MOUNTIE!



THERE GOES SAM'S  
POWERBOAT,  
SIR—IT'S  
BLOWN TO  
SMITHEREENS!

AND WE'D BETTER GET  
BACK TO HIS ARSENAL  
IN THAT CANNERY  
BEFORE SOMEONE GETS  
CARELESS AND BLOWS  
THAT SKY HIGH TOO!





# BARREL ROLLS AND TAIL SPINS

By A. L. Allen

"Jeepers!" exploded Ted Slocum on breath he'd been holding for a long while. "There's going to be airplane spattered all around me in less time than it takes a burro to say 'hee-haw'. Think maybe I'd better depart elsewhere."

But he didn't depart. He sat his horse, unable to tear his fascinated gaze away as he watched the plane lift and climb. Lift just as it seemed due to crack up against a line of stubby live-oaks growing thick beside the fence that enclosed a few acres of cleared land.

He gathered up the reins and started to ride off down the road. But somehow he couldn't stop watching this crazy flier who seemed determined to commit suicide on a bright spring morning. Up it went again in a spiraling climb. So high it was only a dim speck in the clear air. Then—

"Zowie! Here she comes! And this time the wings ain't gonna stay with him all the way."

Down, down, down! Like a twisting, ringing bullet. Straight for the little patch of cleared land. Ted could feel his eyes closing so that he wouldn't see the crash. But they didn't quite close, and he saw the plane straighten out, level off just in time to miss the life of trees and settle for as smooth and gentle a three-point landing as you'd want to see.

This was too much for Ted. He got off his horse and strolled out on the handkerchief-size field. Maybe this guy was a stranger in these parts and needed to be told a few things.

"Thought I'd come out and help pick up the pieces," he drawled as a helmeted figure climbed out of the cockpit of the trim little ship.

A line of white teeth appeared in the oil-smeared face. "Stick around. Might be able to use you later. Going up again as soon as I can get some more gas."

"You know," Ted couldn't help putting in his ear, "that's a government flying field," he nodded across

the road, "and they don't take kindly to civilians stunting over their field."

"So I found out. They warned me off when I first flew over. But it's O.K. now," he added with a satisfied bob of his head. "Dad bought this little patch of land for me and I stick pretty close above it." He chuckled. "Guess Uncle Sam doesn't care if I break my neck on my own land. Like to come for a hop?" he asked and grinned.

"Well, I'm pretty well satisfied with my neck the way it is but . . ." Ted decided he didn't like that grin. The fellow thought he was afraid. Well, he was. But he was darned if he'd let this fresh guy know it. "I've got to be on my way now . . . maybe tomorrow. . . . You live around here? Fly every day?"

"Oh yes. Name's Walton—Dave Walton. Dad's retired. Likes the sunshine down here. Thinks he'd like to raise a cow or two, so he bought the old Hayworth ranch." He paused and looked at Ted with that wry grin again. "Guess you agree with Dad that I'm crazy and don't want to risk yourself with me, huh?"

This got results. Nobody was going to mark Ted down for a coward. He yanked down the chin strap of his wide-brimmed hat and started for the plane. "Come on, let's get going. I've got things to do, so don't make it too long. And . . ." He looked Dave straight in the eyes. "No funny business. Straight flying I'll take. But I don't want any barrel rolls and spins. And I don't want to be left hanging in pieces on the tops of those trees."

Dave laughed, climbed into the front seat and gave it the gun.

For some time they flew smoothly over the little field then began to climb, spiraling in great gentle swings. Then, so suddenly that Ted didn't realize what was happening, the ship started into a loop.

Ted's stomach hit the roof of his head. Then the braided leather quirt

hanging on his arm came up and smacked him smartly in the face. Just then the ship straightened out in a swiftly gliding level. Ted could see that the figure up in front was almost convulsed with laughter. With the speed of lightening his temper flared. Before he knew what he was doing he had reversed the quirt in his hand and brought the heavy loaded end down smack on the helmeted head in front of him. Dave sagged, his hands loosened from the controls. His head lopped over to one side in a crazy angle and the ship started to dive.

"Oh good Lord! What have I done?" Ted thought panic stricken. He braced himself as the ship spun downward in uncontrolled swift descent. From then on Ted never knew what happened. Full consciousness returned to him as they leveled off and came to a bumpy stop on the rough turf of the field.

Dave was out of the ship, sputtering and yelling. ". . . trying to get us both killed. What do you mean. . ."

Ted wasn't listening. Slowly he climbed out, straightened his long wavering length. Gradually his eyes focused and rested like cold boiled potatoes on the face of the sputtering flyer. Walking slowly toward him Ted began: "I told you I'd take straight flying. I also told you. . ."

With nervous reaction, Dave began to laugh. "I guess we're even now," he managed between yelps of laughter. In spite of himself Ted laughed too. All anger and resentment was erased from their minds and faces and before Ted left for home they were fast friends and Ted had promised to come back tomorrow for a ride with "no barrel rolls and no tailspins."

The next afternoon they were flying low over a thickly wooded section about half a mile beyond Dave's landing field. He leaned over the side of the cockpit and pointed downward. Ted got the idea and looked down.

After they had landed Dave asked



"See that place I pointed out to you? I've been all around that clump of trees on foot and I'll be darned if you can even find a trail leading into it. But you saw, didn't you, there's a house hidden among the trees. Somebody lives there too. I've seen smoke coming out of the chimney. Know anything about it?"

"Yes I do," said Ted. Used to be a boot-legger's hang-out. But there's been no one living there for several years."

"Well there's somebody living there now, or there wouldn't be smoke coming out of the chimney."

"Yeah," Ted admitted. "S'pose it's some bum that's camping out there." And both boys dismissed the matter.

Several days later Ted said to Dave: "I was down here early this morning and I've got a funny idea that someone's been borrowing your plane at night."

"You're crazy!" scoffed Dave. "Nobody lives close around here except the fellows at the flying field, and they must be pretty well fed up with flying during the daytime."

"Maybe so," Ted admitted, "but it rained a little last night and there were wheel tracks and foot prints in front of the hangar this morning."

But Dave only laughed and told Ted it was his imagination and to forget about it.

Ted stopped talking about it but he didn't forget it. He came back shortly after daybreak the next morning and proved that he had been right. The plane had been up the night before. The motor was still warm.

Both boys were consumed with excitement and curiosity but could find no answer as to who was using the plane. Finally they gave up, but Ted had plans. That night he carried them out.

Just after dark he tied his horse at a safe distance away, crept silently around the little open hangar and climbed into the back seat of the plane to wait, listening intently. He didn't have long to wait. Soon he heard voices, footsteps padding on the hard-packed ground.

Two men came into the hangar and began to jockey the ship out on the field. Ted heard snatches of conversation.

"... tonight."

"I've got the plans and tonight's the pay-off. I meet the chief just over the border, he hands over the dough and that's that. I head back here, we split and then scam in opposite directions."

"Yeah. And you better be sure not to lose your sense of direction. I wouldn't like to have to chase you all over the world to get my cut. But the world's not such a big place after all. Don't try any funny stuff. I'll find you if you do."

They were out on the field, one of the men had climbed into the forward cockpit and before Ted had time to realize the predicament he was in, the engine had been tuned up and they were in the air heading due west.

Ted was scared stiff. What was he going to do? His brain seemed as cramped as his body. It wouldn't work. But somehow he had to figure this thing out. Before he could think of a solution they were dropping down—landing. He could feel the plane settle, bump gently over smooth surface.

He dared not raise his head to look out. He heard men running, caught snatches of conversation. The pilot climbed out and the voices and men trailed away. After what seemed hours of waiting Ted heard footsteps returning. Then a voice close to the ship:

"Good job, Harris. You've got the dough and we've got the plans," he laughed. "Looks like Uncle Sam has given us the specifications for the sweetest little job of a bomber they've ever had. Thanks a lot and good luck to you. Don't spend your money all in one place."

There was laughter and Ted felt the plane shake slightly as the man Harris climbed back into the cockpit.

The plane took off, gained altitude and headed east. Ted was still trying to get his numbed brain to work out the problem when he suddenly realized that they were no longer flying eastward but had veered sharply to the north. This was no time to think. Action was demanded.

Raising himself up in the rear seat, Ted acted. Reversing the quart that always hung from his wrist, he leaned over, rammed the smooth heavy end into the neck of the pilot and said: "Turn east, brother, turn east. Head

right back to where you started from and no funny business."

The pilot's head stiffened, turned slightly, but it did him no good. It was too dark for him to see, so he simply obeyed orders and headed east.

As the little field came in sight Ted said: "Sit her down."

The pilot sat her down. And then things began to happen. Out from the little hangar rushed a group of men—men in uniforms and with drawn guns. Dave was in the middle of them. Searchlights flared. Ted and the pilot climbed out. Handcuffs were snapped on Harris and the bewildered Ted half heard the explanations Dave was offering. He had been suspicious too and had come out to the field and found the ship gone. Working on a hunch he had crossed the road and spoken to the officer in charge. The rest was easy to figure out.

"But—but—the plans!" Ted spluttered. "That gang in Mexico have the plans."

"Don't worry about those," an officer laughed. "They won't do them much good. We don't leave important plans lying around to be picked up. We were suspicious of one of our men anyway and we rounded him up tonight, but if it hadn't been for you boys we might not have gotten those other two. Don't worry about those fellows in Mexico. We'll get them too now—thanks to the chap who knows how to use the business end of a quart."

READ WHISPERING WALLS IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF FEATURE COMICS—ON SALE DECEMBER 29TH





IT IS THE FINAL ROUND OF BENTON'S BOUT WITH THE BIG CARNIVAL STRONG MAN.... IF BENTON CAN LAST THIS FOURTH ROUND HE WINS \$100!!



BENTON IS ENRAGED BY THE FOUL TACTICS AND HE NOW FIGHTS WITH MAD FURY----



SAY, IT TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH TO RING THAT BELL, BROTHER!! I'VE BEEN WATCHIN' HOW YOU KEEP TIME!



THIS IS A FINE THING, BENTON! JUST TO WIN A HUNDRED BUCKS YOU GO AND HURT A HAND!



AW--IT'S NOT BAD, SLIM!



HERE'S A DOCTOR--LET'S GO IN AN' SEE HIM----



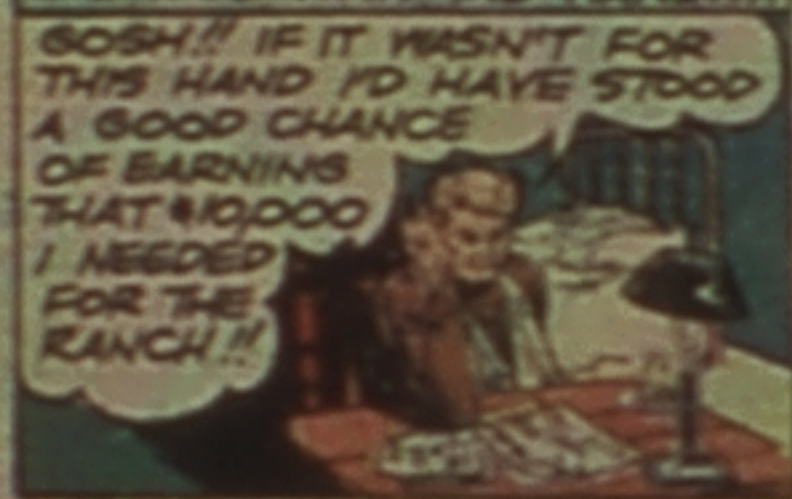
HMM--YOU BROKE A SMALL BONE-- THAT HAND SHOULD BE PUT IN A CAST!



BUT, I NEED MONEY AND I GOTTA FIGHT! I'LL THINK OVER THE CAST BUSINESS!



NO--UNLESS YOU PUT ON THE CAST THE CASE IS OUT OF MY HANDS-- YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE THEN!!



BUT BENTON IS FORCED TO LIE IDLE WITH THE HAND....



GOSH!! IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS HAND I'D HAVE STOOD A GOOD CHANCE OF EARNING THAT \$10,000 I NEEDED FOR THE RANCH!!



W-WHY!! SISTER JUDY! GOLLY I'M GLAD T'SEE YOU----



SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON? IS IT MONEY TROUBLE WITH THE RANCH--



TELL ME!



JUDY, T'PROVE IT ISN'T MONEY TROUBLE, WE'LL STEP OUT RIGHT NOW AND HAVE A GOOD TIME!



THERE! HOW'S THAT? ISN'T THAT THE SWELLEST MEAL IN TEXAS? JUDY, YOUR BROTHER HAS STRUCK IT RICH WITH BOXIN' GLOVES!



PSST--WHO'S THIS MAN COMING NOW?



H'YA, BENTON! NO--NO--MIND IF I SIT DOWN?



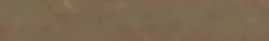
NO--NO--NOT A BIT, JOE!



CMON, JUDY-- WE'RE LEAVIN'! WE'LL EAT SOMEWHERE ELSE--



HMM!! WALKIN' OUT ON ME, EH? HE'S JEALOUS OF THE GAL!



MY BROTHER ISN'T FOOLING ME BY THESE TREATS-- I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT HE'S WORRYING ABOUT.



AND THAT MAN WHO SAT AT OUR TABLE LAST NIGHT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT-- THAT'S WHY BROTHER AVOIDED HIM!



OH, DEAR-- THERE'S THAT SAME MAN NOW! HE COULD NO DOUBT TELL ME--



HMM-- IF IT AIN'T BENTON'S GAL! MAYBE I CAN--





AS BENTON'S SISTER IS ABOUT TO PASS THE MAN WHO TRIED TO GET ACQUAINTED THE NIGHT BEFORE—



WHY—WED HAVE MET LAST EVENING IF IT WASN'T FOR YOUR BOY FRIEND! NOW, I HAVE SHOW TICKETS FOR TONIGHT—



GEE—SO THAT'S JOE FIST THE FIGHT PROMOTER! AND AM GOING OUT WITH HIM— I'LL FIND WHAT MY BROTHER'S TROUBLE IS!!



WELL, TUBBY— HAVE YOU AN SLIM FOUND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT JOE FIST HAS UP HIS SLEEVE?



WE DON'T WANT YOU TO SIGN WITH HIM ANY MORE, BENTON! WE KNOW HE'S PHONEY—



MY HAND IS GETTIN' BETTER, AND THAT NOTE ON THE RANCH IS SOON DUE—SO I GOTTA EARN MONEY!



MR. FIST— COULD YOU GET BENTON A FIGHT AGAIN IN A FEW WEEKS?



BOY!! FIRST I DATE UP BENTON'S GAL— AN' NOW I'M GONNA GET A CHANCE TO SKIN HIM RIGHT FOR HIS MONEY ON THIS NEXT FIGHT!!



NO— BUT I'M PLANNIN' THE BEST CLEAN-UP YOU EVER SAW!!



SAY JOE— WHY 'TA BIG SMILE AN' SUCH A GAY MANNER THESE DAYS?



SO WHAT? YOU DIDN'T GET BACK WHAT YOU BENTON LOST THE LAST TIME WHEN YOU BET ON THE OTHER GUY!



Y'BETTER STICK TO PROMOTIN' BOUTS—AN' NOT BETTIN'!!



HOWDY, BENTON— I'M PLEAS'D MEET SPIDER SIMPSON— YOUR NEXT— AH— VICTIM—



IS THAT SO?! WELL, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO FIGHT WINNER TAKES ALL?



HA—HA! HE'S BETTING ON HIMSELF BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW IT!!





# Charlie CHAN

MRS. OLIVER FORBES GRANT  
AND HER DAUGHTER,  
DONNA, OF NEW YORK,  
ARE IN HONOLULU FOR  
A VACATION...

by  
Alfred  
HAROLD



A SHORT TIME LATER...



YOUR **daughter** IS ALIVE

SEE THE 3 PEOPLE

TELEPHONE BOOK

SEE THE MAN AS IN IMMEDIATE

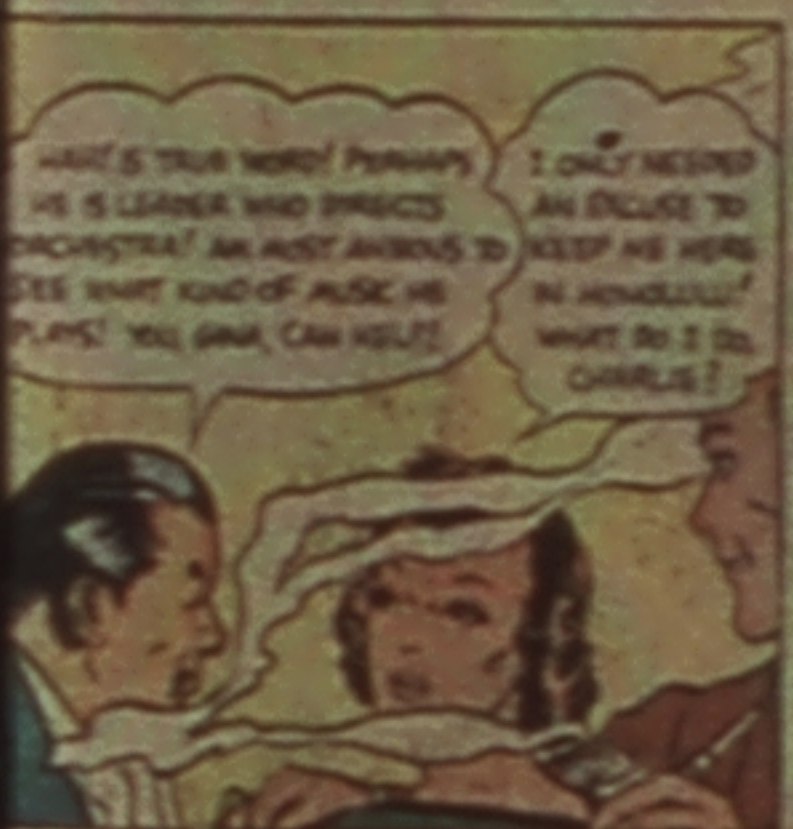
HARRISON MEADE

BERTZELUS KEENO

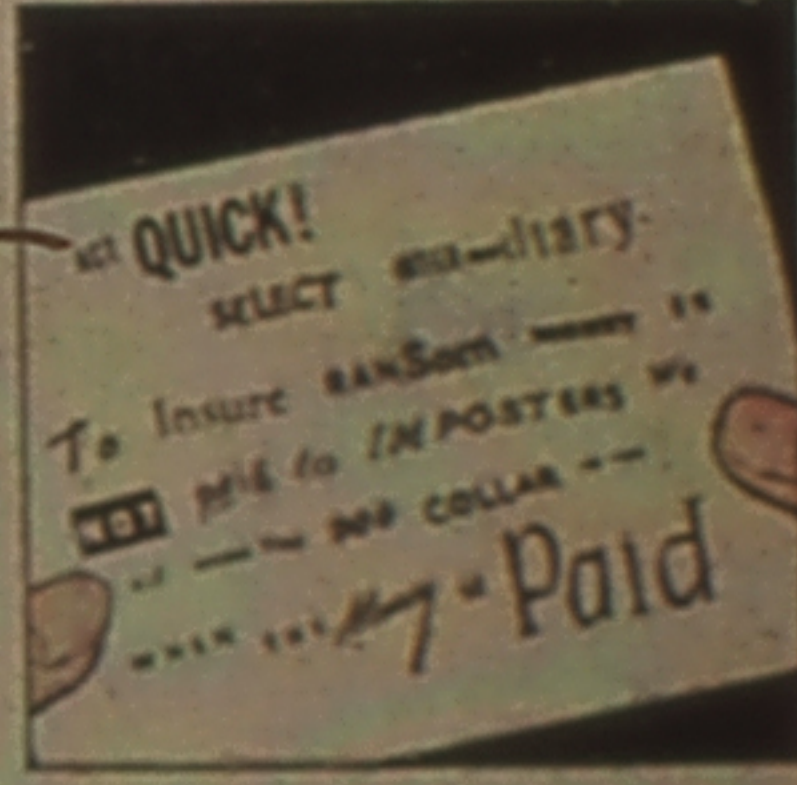
WAIT INFORMATION to Follow



















HELLO, CHIEF!  
WHAT'S THE CHINA  
BOY?

WILLIE SON IS ALL RIGHT!  
HE'S THE COOK I GOT  
FOR ME! - HOW ARE  
THINGS GOING?



OHAY - OHAY! SPO-  
WHAT HAPPENED TO YA  
NOVA? THE PATCH ON  
YA FACE MAKES YA LOOK  
SORTA DIFFERENT!

YEAH! SURE! THIS  
I SEE A MURDER I  
SCARE MYSELF! HIT  
MY FACE AGAINST  
THE BATH TUB!



BUT LISTEN! I'VE GOT GREAT NEWS!  
I'VE COMPLETELY WON OVER THE GREAT  
GIRL MOTHER! SHE SAYS SHE  
WANTS ME TO PAY THE MONEY AS SOON  
AS I HEAR FROM THE KIDNAPERS - AND  
SHE HANDS ME THE \$500,000!



HAHAHAHA! SHE HANDS IT TO US!  
THAT'S A LAUGH! BOY! THAT'S RICH!  
THEN WE CAN HEAD RIGHT TO MOON ISLAND -  
LET 'EM FOR A WHILE UNDER A FIRM TREE  
AND COUNT THE GREENBACKS!



RIGHT AGAIN!  
WE'RE CLEARING OUT!  
IT'S LIKE TO SEE  
CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S FACE  
WHEN HE REALIZES HOW  
WE TRICKED HIM!

COME ON, CHINA BOY!  
IF YA CAN COOK A  
GOOD STEAK I'LL  
BUY YA A NEWSTEAM  
WHY WHEN WE PUT  
THE GREAT MONEY IN  
CIRCULATION AGAIN!



BOY! WAIT 'TILL WE HEAR  
FROM THEM ABOUT THIS! WE'LL  
GRANT THEM US \$500,000!  
BOY, ON BOY! I'D LIKE A  
LOOK AT ALL THOSE  
GREENBACKS, CHIEF!

THEY STAY IN  
THE BAG UNTIL  
WE SPLIT THEM  
UP!



OHAY! OHAY!  
THE CHINA BOY MUST  
BE RELEASED! MAYBE  
YOU TAKE A WAP THE  
COAST!

I THINK  
I WILL!

GOOD IDEA  
TO KEEP AWAY  
FROM HER... I  
DON'T KNOW  
ANY ANSWERS  
TO HIS QUESTIONS!



WILLIE SON'S SURELY RIGHT! I WISH  
CHARLIE WERE HERE INSTEAD OF THIS  
DRAWING. LOOSE KINSHIP RELATION  
OF HIS! ... THIS ISLAND WITHOUT MUST BE  
GUTS A VERY OFF! ... MUSTN'T SLEEP  
... CAN'T DOK IT!



MUCH LATER,  
ONE LEFT THE  
BART POST  
AND GONE  
BELOW.....

\$500,000! I WANT A  
LOOK AT THAT MURDER DOG!  
WHERE WAS HE WHO THAT BAG?  
I GOT A RIGHT TEE TY  
CRIM!



MOVING SILENTLY ABOUT  
THE ROOM, BOB SEARCHES  
CAREFULLY... SUDDENLY  
FINDS THE BAG UNDER  
THE BUNK.....

LATCHED! PAINT  
EYES PICKED BETTER  
LOOKS THAN THIS  
WITH A PUCE IF  
WIFE!



STOP! TO ME  
HERE, OR BALET  
GONE THROUGH  
UNPOLLABLE LEAD!

HUNT WHAT'S  
GONE ON!





GET UPSTAIRS!  
IF I FIND YOU SNEAKING  
AROUND AROUND I'LL BLAST  
YOUR HEAD OFF!

OHAY!  
OHAY!!



HIM SLIPPLY, SELL  
BOSS! ALL TIME KEEP  
BEST EYE ON HIM!

WILLIE SOON  
GIVE ME  
THAT GUN!



WILLIE DON AN  
STEALING, BOSS!  
HIM BELONG TO  
WILLIE SON!

HIM BELONG TO  
CHARLIE CHAN!  
CHARLIE! YOU OLD BEAR!  
YOU'VE BEEN OUT-THINKING  
THE WAYSQUADERS!!



THIS IS THE PLACE,  
CHARLIE! I HOPE  
OUR PLAN WORKS!

ONLY THREE THING  
TO REMEMBER—ONE—  
SAVE DONNA GRANT; TWO—  
CAPTURE EVIL-DOERS;  
THREE—RETURN RANSOM  
MONEY TO MRS. GRANT!



WE'RE BACKING!  
THOSE MEN ON SHORE  
JUST BELIEVE AND TALK—  
AND THE GUN MUST  
BE READY!

NOW I RETURN TO RAIL-  
OF CASH—AND YOU TAKE  
LIFE IN OWN HANDS TO  
EAT FOOT I PRODUCE!



AS THEY WALK TO THE HOUSE, KIRK LEANS  
DONNA GRANT OUTLET OF THE OTHERS...

DON'T, TALKER AM!  
YOU—YOU—  
FRIEND!

DON'T, LOOK!  
I MUST TALK  
FAST!



WELL, LET'S GET DOWN  
TO BUSINESS AND SPLIT  
UP THE CASH!

THE GUN BOSS  
BACK FIRST—THEN  
WE SHARE THE  
MONEY!



LOOK, GUYS!  
WE TALKED IT  
OVER AND WE  
WANT OUR  
SHARE NOW!

YEAH!  
THAT'S  
RIGHT!

ON THAT'S HOW  
IT IS! YOU TALKED  
IT OVER, BUT I'M  
STILL GOING GREEN  
HERE! I'M THINKING  
THE GUN BACK  
FIRST!



NO YA DON'T! IN MAY SOME  
THESE SICKERS—BUT I'M NOT SCARED  
OF HIM! YOU'RE NOT BACK WITH  
ALL THAT DOLLAR! LET GUN TAKE  
HIS BACK!



WHAT! I  
AIN'T LEAVING  
THAT GUN  
OUT OF MY  
SIGHT!

NO NEITHER!  
I WANT MY  
SPLIT!



AS THE MEN BEGIN TO ARGUE THEMSELVES—  
SARA AND TRUSTING THE OTHER—THE END OF  
CHARLIE CHAN'S ADVENTURE A WARNING TO YOU!

OKAY! ALL LMA  
GUYS! WELL  
SPLIT!

CONTINUED...

FOLLOW  
CHARLIE CHAN  
AS HE AND  
KIRK  
BARROW  
CAPTURE THE  
DONNA GRANT  
KIDNAP RING...  
IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE...

Charlie Chan is continued in the February issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale December 29th.



# TODDY

BY  
GEORGE MARCOUX

TSK-TSK-- I  
SHOULDN'T HAVE  
TRIED T'FLY IT IN  
THE HOUSE!



WOW!! I DINT EVEN  
KNOW I COULD  
HIT SO HARD!



OH-- THAT BIG  
HEAVY IRON JUS'  
BUSTED  
IT--



HMM-- MAYBE IT  
WAS OKAY IN TH'  
FIRST PLACE!



SEE-- I MUS' BE A LOT  
HEAVIER THAN I THINK  
I AM--



WELL-- SOME THINGS  
FALL APART PRETTY  
EASY ANYHOW!



NO WONDER  
THAT BUSTED--  
WHY IT'S  
JUS' CARD-  
BOARD!



THIS  
BROKE  
TOO!



SHUCKS! I MIGHTA  
KNOWED THAT NAIL  
WOULD RUN MY SAW  
ON WELL--



TSK--TSK! THEY ALL  
CERTINY DINT LAST  
VERY LONG!



WELL-- GUESS PAPA  
DONE HIS  
DUTY ANY-  
WAY--  
"TIL NEXT  
CHRIST-  
MAS!"





# TODDY

By  
GEORGE MARCOUX

WILLIE! DON'T CROSS  
THAT BLACK CAT'S  
PATH---DON'T!

AW--  
AIN'T  
AFRAID!

I WARNED  
YA NOT TO  
CROSS IT--  
NOW Y'LL  
HAVE BAD  
LUCK!

WELL,  
HOW  
D'YA  
LIKE  
MY NEW  
BIKE?

SWELL!  
HOW  
ABOUT  
A RIDE  
ON IT?

OKAY--BUT  
BE SURE  
NOTHIN'  
HAPPENS  
!!



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OF THESE CHEMICAL SECRETS  
DO YOU KNOW?



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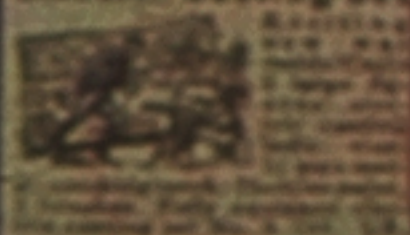


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# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

NIPPIE—  
DON'T  
FOOL  
WITH  
THAT  
MACHINE!

AW, SOMETIMES  
YOU CAN GET  
A PIECE OF  
GUM THIS  
WAY!

BUT THE MAN  
WHO RUNS  
THE STORE  
MIGHT SEE  
YOU!

DON'T  
WORRY,  
HE  
WON'T  
CATCH  
ME—

STOP CRYING! I'LL GET YOUR  
HAND  
OUT!!

## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

THAT WAS A MEAN  
TRICK HOULIHAN  
PULLED ON  
YOUR UNCLE  
PHIL AT THE  
HALLOWEEN PARTY,  
MICKEY—

YES, BUT  
UNCLE  
PHIL SAYS  
HE'LL  
GET  
EVEN!

HOULIHAN,  
HAVE YOU  
SEEN PHIL  
SINCE YOU  
TRICKED  
HIM?

NO—BUT HE'LL  
HAFTA BE AT  
OUR CHARITY  
BOXING SHOW  
TONIGHT—HE'S  
CHAIRMAN!

AND I WANT YOU TO  
GIVE ME TWO SEATS RIGHT  
NEXT TO HOULIHAN—AS  
LONG AS HE AIN'T BRINGIN'  
HIS WIFE, THAT'S WHERE  
I WANTA SIT!!

MILLIE, HOW WOULD'JA  
LIKE TO GO TO  
THE BOXIN' SHOW  
MY LODGE IS  
GIVIN'  
TONIGHT?

I'D  
LOVE  
IT!

AIN'T YOU  
GOING  
TO SIT  
WITH  
ME?

I'LL BE BACK—  
THERE'S SOME  
DETAILS I MUST  
TAKE CARE OF!

SAY—I THOUGHT  
YOU'D LIKE TO  
KNOW THE NAMES  
OF MEMBERS  
SITTIN' AT THE  
RINGSIDE—

SURE—I'LL  
MENTION  
'EM ON  
THE AIR!

--AND THERE'S MR.  
HOULIHAN, OUR LODGE  
PRESIDENT—HE JUST  
CAME IN---

WHO'S THAT  
BLONDE NEXT  
TO HIM---  
HIS  
WIFE?

YES! AND  
YOU'D DO  
ME A FAVOR  
IF YOU JUST  
REMARKED  
THAT SHE'S  
HERE  
WITH HIM!

WHY DIDN'T YOUR  
HUSBAND TAKE  
YOU TO THE  
CHARITY  
BOUNTS, MRS.  
HOULIHAN?

HE SAID  
IT WAS  
NO PLACE  
FOR A LADY!  
OH—THEY'RE  
ON THE  
RADIO  
NOW—

--I ALSO SEE MR. HOULIHAN,  
PRESIDENT OF THE LODGE  
IN A RINGSIDE SEAT—AND  
WITH HIM IS HIS CHARMING  
BLONDE WIFE WEARING ONE  
OF THOSE CUTE  
LITTLE HATS---

HAW! THAT  
WAS THE BEST  
FIGHT OF  
THE NIGHT!

WHAT'S  
TAKIN' YA  
AWAY SO SOON,  
HOULIHAN?

WAS YOUR  
CHARITY SHOW  
A SUCCESS  
LAST NIGHT,  
UNCLE PHIL?

OH YES!  
IN MORE  
WAYS THAN  
ONE, MICKEY!!



# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

YOU  
AREN'T  
OLD  
ENOUGH  
TO  
SHAVE,  
NIPPIE!

I KNOW IT--  
I JUST WANTA  
SEE HOW IT  
FEELS!

BUT,  
YOU  
MIGHT  
CUT  
YOURSELF!

NO!!--THIS IS A  
SAFETY RAZOR!!

?

## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

GEE, TOM--THOSE  
FELLAS MUSTA  
BEEN AT A  
SWELL PARTY!  
AND THEY'RE  
PRETTY LOUD--

I'LL PULL  
OVER--  
WE HAFTA  
STOP 'EM!

SWEET  
ADELINE!!

HOLD ON THERE,  
FELLAS--YOU'RE  
MAKIN' TOO  
MUCH NOISE!

WHAD'DYA MEAN, YES--BUT  
"NOISE"? DON'T  
CHA KNOW  
REAL SINGIN'  
WHEN YA HEAR  
GOOD FELLAS!  
IT?

YES--BUT  
IT'S TOO  
LATE--NOW,  
GO HOME LIKE  
GOOD FELLAS!

IT'S A GOOD  
THING WE  
STOPPED 'EM  
BEFORE A  
COMPLAINT  
WENT IN--

YEAH--THEY'RE  
NICE GUYS--  
LISTEN--THEY  
STARTED AT  
IT AGAIN!

THERE'S  
A LONG, LONG  
TRAIL AWIN'DIN'  
INTO--

C'MON, NOW--  
PLEASE CUT  
IT OUT AND  
GO HOME!

I HOPE THEY DON'T  
START AGAIN--  
IF THE SERGEANT  
HEARS 'EM  
HE'LL---

OH-OH!!  
THERE  
THEY  
GO  
AGAIN!

THE  
COP'S A  
JOLLY  
FELLOW--  
THE  
COP'S A  
JOLLY  
FELLOW--

SAY--IF THE  
SERGEANT  
COMES ALONG  
HE'LL RUN  
YOU FELLAS  
IN!

YOU  
HEARD  
OUR  
OFFER--  
WHAT D'YA  
SAY?

AND YOU PROMISE  
TO GO RIGHT HOME  
IF I DO  
IT?

YEP!  
WE  
PROMISE!

HAIL! HAIL!  
THE GANG'S ALL  
HERE!!

S-SAY! YOU'VE  
GOT A SWELL  
VOICE, OFFICER--  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME?

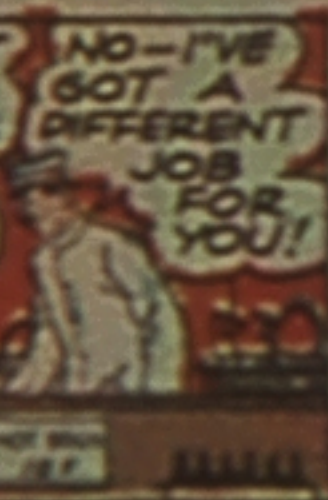
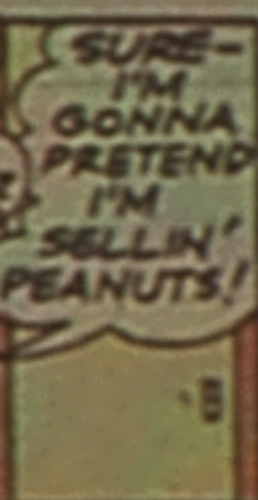
MICKEY FINN  
--NOW YOU  
PROMISED  
TO GO RIGHT  
HOME,  
BOYS!!

IT'S LUCKY THE  
SERGEANT DIDN'T CATCH  
ME SINGIN' WITH 'EM, TOM--  
BUT BEIN' NICE TO  
'EM WAS THE  
BEST WAY--

YEAH!

HELLO, MICKEY--SAY THESE  
THREE BIRDS IN THE CELL  
CAME IN A WHILE AGO JUST  
LOOKING FOR YOU TO GET  
YOU TO SING TENOR  
WITH THEM!!



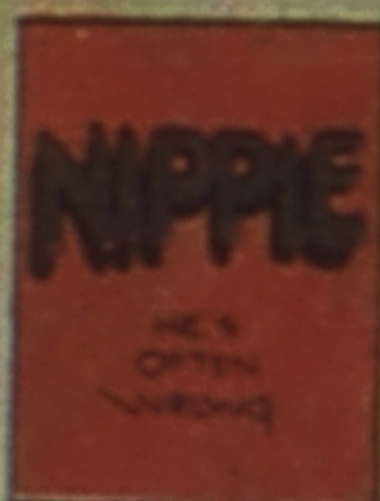


## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD







# MICKEY FINN

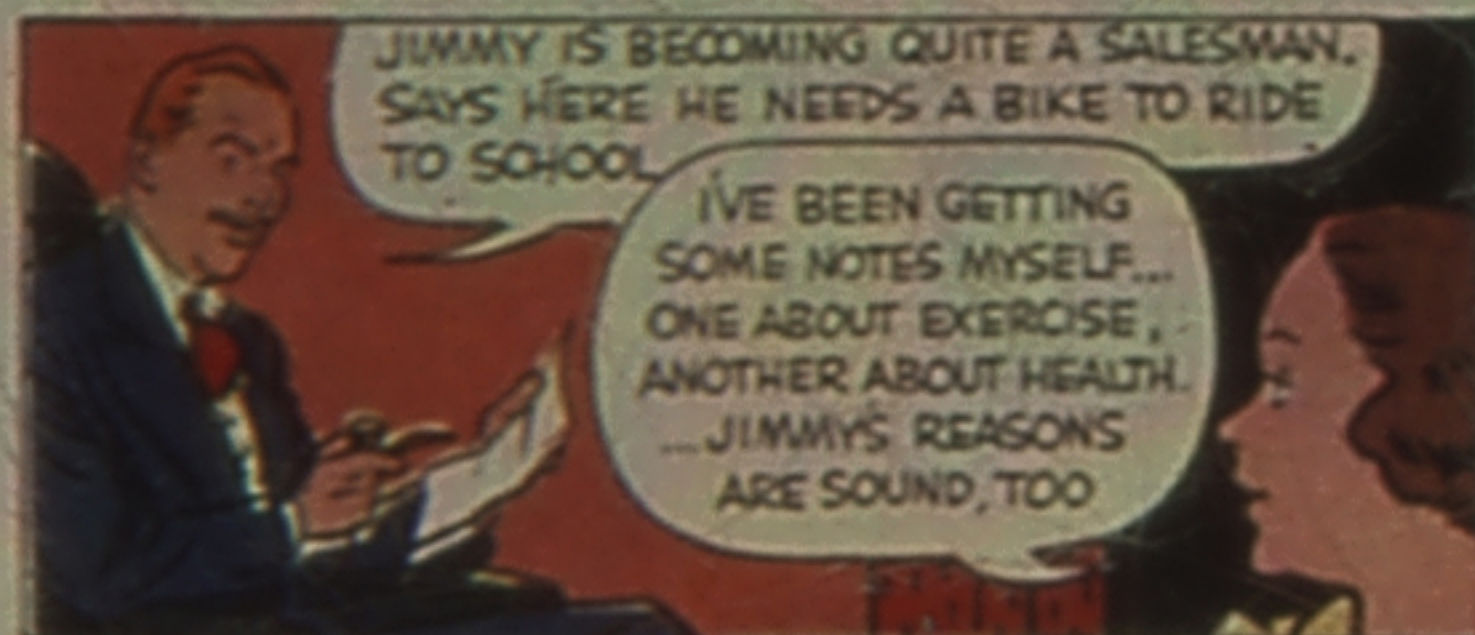
By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the February issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# How Jimmy Got His Bike





**WINTER...here we come!**

Don't wait for the snow to fly and then just *wish* you could "show your heels" to the other boys and girls on your favorite sledding or skiing hill. Tell Dad and Mother, whether it's a sled or skis . . . that it's Flexible Flyer you want. But be sure to tell them now, for . . .

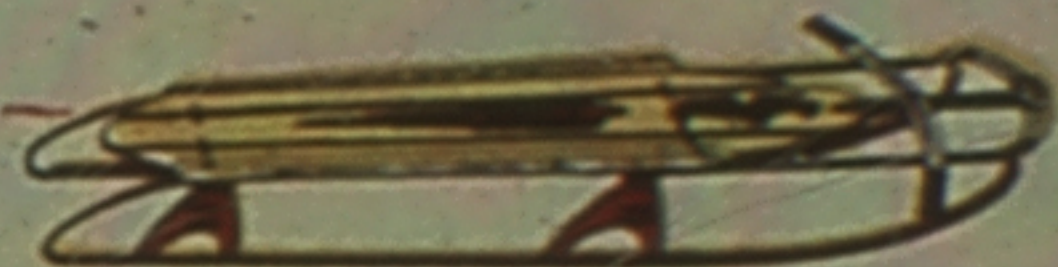
## It's Flexible Flyer Time

The new, streamlined Flexible Flyers are the smoothest, speediest, safest sleds ever made. They're just exactly what you want for Xmas. Flexible Flyers super-steering that gives a turning range double that of other sleds . . . and Flexible Flyer's Safety-Airline runners that do away with sharp edges, are safety features that will please Mother and Dad. And don't forget to remind Dad that Flexible Flyer was probably his favorite sled when he was your age.

Every boy and girl knows Flexible Flyer has been the finest in sleds . . . and so will Flexible Flyer be their name for the finest in skis.

The maker of Flexible Flyer sleds knows how to handle wood and metal so that they give greatest speed and safety in snow sports. Flexible Flyer Skis are tops in quality and design. They'll put you out in front every time. Made in all sizes from tiny "beginners" to professionals.

S. L. ALLEN & COMPANY, INC.  
401 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.



## THE LUCKY BROTHERS



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# Flexible Flyer

## SLEDS and SKIS

My Name is \_\_\_\_\_

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